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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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## THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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# SAILORS' <sup>THE</sup> MAGAZINE



## AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 58,

JANUARY, 1886.

No. 1.

*From the New York Observer*

### ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

#### I.

Some one has wittily said that St. John's "is the fishiest city in the world." This one may well believe when he learns that the annual value of the cod fishery products is upwards of six millions. As we enter the land-locked harbor through the "narrows," Signal Hill, five hundred and twenty feet, on one side, and Fort Amherst Lighthouse, a hundred feet higher, on the other, we are struck with the picturesque approach to the city. Since we sighted land, for many miles we have followed an iron-bound coast, dangerous in the extreme. Giant cliffs, three hundred feet high, crowned with fir, threateningly face the sea, almost a solid wall, save as an arm of the sea reaches in now and then, forming a beautiful bay, a few white cottages crouching on the shore. At intervals the rock has been wrench-

ed apart, and in the distant darkness a white ribbon of foam is fluttering to the breakers, a cascade that pours almost perpendicularly to the ocean beneath. Farther on is a geyser, which finds its force and movement in the sea, the tide sending the water spouting up in white jet at intervals. Some of the estuaries have a charming perspective as we pass, a great rock dividing the entrance and the far-off fishing hamlet with its back ground of green. But what a face the cliff has,—grim, stern, unrelenting; like the Sphinx, telling no tales of the wrecks that have gone down before its eyes!

#### *Island of Newfoundland.*

As we look at the map of North America we find that a triangular shaped island, England's oldest colony, lies across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to which it affords ac-

cess at its northern and southern extremities. It is the tenth in size among the islands of the globe, 317 miles in length and 316 miles in breadth, containing 42,000 square miles. Its coast line is 2,000 miles. Five hundred years before the days of Columbus and Cabot the Northmen discovered Newfoundland, as well as some portion of the mainland of America. Leif, son of Eric the Red, discovered what he called Helluland, which, no doubt, was Newfoundland. But it was John and Sebastian Cabot, under "letters patent" from Henry VII, in 1497, who re-discovered the island, and brought it to the notice of the world. He was allowed by the stingy king to go at his own charges, but at last on his return was rewarded with a gratuity of £10 for discovering an island which has brought in millions for years to the English people. It was said of Sebastian Cabot, who died at eighty years, that "he gave England a continent,—and no one knows his burial place." No spot bears his name save a little island on the eastern coast of Newfoundland.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the island were Red Indians or Bœothies. They were originally, doubtless, from Canada, coming by the Straits of Belle Isle. They are supposed to have belonged to the Algonquin branch. There is now in the Museum of St. John's a human skull, the last token of a once powerful but now extinct tribe. It is said Cabot on his second voyage brought away three of the aborigines, and they were kept by the king in the palace of Westminster. They gradually melted away on the approach of civilization. In 1804 a female was taken by a fisherman, kindly treated and

sent back loaded with presents. It was believed that she was murdered by the miscreant who was charged with her protection. In 1819 another female was taken by a party of trappers and brought to St. John's, and in 1823 three more, two of whom died, but one lived two years. There is a pathetic account of how the last traces of the aborigines were found by a party from St. John's, who, in the interest of the "Bœothick Society," went in search of them. The summer and winter wigwams; a wooden building constructed for drying venison; among the bushes on the beach a large and beautiful birch canoe, twenty-two feet in length, but little used, yet in wreck; even a "canoe rest" with the daubs of red ochre fresh upon it. But the Indians themselves were not found, they were all gone to the Great Spirit, and their history is untold.

### *The Fisheries.*

The fishing interests of Newfoundland are the great source of its wealth at the present time that it has undeveloped possibilities there can be no doubt. The interior has not been known until a comparatively recent day. The geological survey, under the oversight of scientific and thoroughly competent men, which is now going on, has been a revelation to the residents of the coast. Farming, lumbering and mining will yet employ thousands of men, and furnish occupation and homes to multitudes of emigrants. Here is virgin soil capable of supporting millions of people; a climate much milder than Canada in the interior. Timber is of pine, birch, ash, poplar, willow and cherry. The sea may yield its millions to the people of the coast, but when the

railroad opens up the island the land will yield millions more.

The cod are taken on the Grand Banks, submarine islands six hundred miles long, and along the coast. The Banks fisheries are chiefly carried on by French and Americans, Newfoundlanders fishing along the shore. It is estimated there are taken in the aggregate annually 150,000,000, or 3,700,000 quintals of fish which at \$4 would be \$14,800,000. Thus we see this is a great industry. It has been going on for three hundred and seventy years.

## II.

Cold water seas are necessary to the life of the commercial food fishes. They could not exist in tropical seas or in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The Arctic current, which washes the shores of Labrador, Newfoundland, Canada and part of the United States, is the source of this vast wealth. Not only its temperature is favorable to the development of the commercial fishes, but it brings with it the food upon which they thrive. The Arctic seas are full of living slime. This becomes the food of minute crustaceans, and they the food of larger fishes. Newfoundland has 2,000 miles of coast washed by this Arctic current, while no other country has much more than half of the amount.

### *The Young Cod.*

These fish do not migrate to the Arctic regions, as was once supposed. They are local in their habits and confined to a limited area. They are governed in their movements by the presence or absence of food, the spawning instinct and the temperature of the water. At the period of repro-

duction they return to the place of their birth. The cod drops its spawn free into the sea at a considerable distance from the bottom. The spawn does not sink, but goes through all its stages of development, swimming free in the sea quite near the surface. The eggs are transparent, and have a specific gravity so near that of seawater that they float near the surface. They hatch in about sixteen days. The young cod in its first year grows to be about a foot in length. The cod taken on the Banks are much larger and nicer than those taken along shore. About thirty of Bank cod when dried make a quintal. The cod begin to appear on the coasts of Newfoundland about June 1st. They are heralded by the caplin, a beautiful little fish about seven inches in length, which arrives in vast multitudes, swarming in enormous schools. These the cod follow and devour. The caplin furnishes the best bait for the fisherman. Rev. Mr. Harvey, the historian of the island, to whom we are indebted for this *resumé*, in describing the scene when in a calm moonlight in June the fish are plentiful and the waters alive with marine forms, the silvery sides of the cod flashing in the moonbeams as they leap out of the water and dash upon their prey, remarks:—"The world of waters, it would seem, is no more free from terror, pain, torture, than the land. Surrounded by ravenous foes, watching for their assaults, flying for dear life, fishes, it may be easily conceived, form a part of the creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain." The squid follow the caplin, which furnish food for the cod and bait for the fisherman.

They are caught with hook-and-

line, seine, the cod-net, and the bultow. When the fisherman's boat comes in with the day's catch they are flung on the "stage," a rough-covered platform, projecting over the water and supported on poles, with an instrument called a "pew." They are then seized by the "cut-throat," who severs the attachment between the gill-covering and the belly at a stroke, and from the opening slits the abdomen. He then makes a cut on either side of the head at base of the skull. Then the "header" takes them; the liver is taken out, the head wrenched off, the viscera removed: the tongue and sounds are also taken out. The fish then passes to the splitter, who, placing it on its back and holding it open with his left hand, takes a splitting knife with his right and cuts along the left side of the backbone to the base of the tail. The fish now lies open on the table. With a sharp stroke of the knife the backbone is severed at a short distance from the extremity. Catching the end thus freed he lifts it slowly and following along its side with his knife quickly cuts it from the body. It then passes to the "salter," is carefully washed and salted in piles on the floor. After remaining the proper time in salt it is carried to the "flake" to be cured.

Among the industries of Newfoundland is seal fishing, which comes at a time of year when the cod-fishers are not employed, about the first of March. There are employed about twenty-five steamers carrying from 150 to 300 men each. This brings in more than a million dollars, and has amounted to more than a million and a half in some years. It is intensely exciting, but cruel, work; none but hardy and vigorous men could endure it.

The salmon of Newfoundland are exceptionally fine; 20,000 pounds were exported in cans in 1881, and 3,689 tierces; they are frequently so plentiful in the season as to sell for four or five cents a pound in St. John's. They might be a source of immense income to the island if recklessness and ignorance had not depleted many of the rivers.

"The Great American and European Short-line Railway Company" have applied for a charter. Their desire is to construct a line from the eastern coast of Newfoundland to a point near Cape Ray, thence a steam ferry to carry mails and passengers near Cape North in Cape Breton, a distance of fifty-six miles, from which point a railway is to be built to the strait of Canso. This being crossed, the railroad system of Canada and the United States is reached. A line of swift steamers is to ply between a port on the west coast of Ireland and the Newfoundland port. Thus it is thought, two days would be saved and a thousand miles of ocean travel.

When this scheme is fulfilled Newfoundland, a *terra incognita* to many, will be opened to the world. The Red Cross Line put on two new steamers last year,—the *Miranda* and *Portia*,—iron screws, offering an elegant and well-appointed line for tourists from New York, which make the trip in forty-five hours to Halifax and from Halifax in forty-eight.

The mining interest of the island bids fair to be of great value. It stands sixth now among copper-producing countries of the globe, and yet is but just begun to be developed.

Among the pleasant friendships we made in St. John's was the Rev. Mr. Harvey, historian of the island, who is authority for the

facts in this article. He is a scientific gentleman, widely known as a writer, and cordially remembered by those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

I know of no tour of eleven hundred miles which combines so

much unique pleasure and perfect rest as the trip to this island in the North Atlantic. The frowning coast was swiftly passed by our good ship, and the *Miranda* was at her pier.—*A Country Parson.*

### WHAT HE DID FOR HIS MOTHER.

The ice was heavy on the Baltic, that season,—it was the latter part of 1876, and we expected to be in England by Christmas, but the weather was clear and fine, and the old boatswain found time that Sunday morning to drop his whistle to the end of his lanyard, and step into the galley to warm his hands for a few minutes. He lit his pipe with a red coal, and turning to the ship's only passenger, said:—

“You was a sayin’ last night, sir, that you hadn’t got no faith in stowaways. Well, no more have I, generally speakin’; but I once ran foul of one that wasn’t so bad as the rest. It’s nigh on to six years ago, when I was quartermaster in a steamer,—the *Zebra*,—lyin’ at her wharf in Calcutta, and loadin’ up for Glasgow.

“The pilot had gone over the side, the watch had been set, and the steamer was drivin’ down the Bay of Bengal, and gettin’ well out toward the Indian Ocean, when there was a row for’ard, and the bo’sun came aft to where the skipper was standin’ on the poop. He was draggin’ a youngster, about sixteen years old, by the collar of the jacket along with him.

“‘I hooked him out of the fore-hatch, your honor,’ he says. ‘I heard him scratchin’ around, and I raised the hatchway, and there he was.’

“‘I was tryin’ to get out, sir,’

said the lad, very bold and polite. ‘I suppose I’m a stowaway, but I’m a sailor, and willin’ to work.’

“Our skipper was a terrible rough man. Turning to me, he said:—

“‘Quartermaster, put the young imp in irons for to-night. I’ll see what it’s best to do with him in the mornin’. If he doesn’t go overboard it’s Glasgow he’ll land at, and not Londonderry.’

“I was sorry for the poor lad, but I had to obey orders, and the irons were soon on his wrists and ankles in the fo’c’stle. He was terribly upset, and when I was on watch that night I went to him, and tried to cheer him up. It was gettin’ on for four bells when the mate said he’d like to see the boy, and he went with me into the fo’c’stle.

“‘Now, my lad,’ he says, stooping over him with a lantern, ‘tell us all about it. What did you stow away for? Why didn’t you ship in a sailin’ vessel if you wanted to get home to see your mother?’

“‘Oh, sir,’ says the youngster, with the tears in his eyes, as he sat up alongside of the post that he was tied to, ‘I should have been too late, and she’d have been in the poorhouse. You see, I ran away from home two years ago, and went to sea, because I was the oldest of three, and she wasn’t able to feed us all. I’ve sent her

a little money since then, and I've had letters from her, but I've never seen her. The day before yesterday I got a letter sayin' that poor Sallie, my little sister, sir, was dead. It had taken all her money to bury her, and the quarter's rent will be due in a month. If it is not paid she will be put out. I have saved £15, and I wanted to give it to her with my own hands. I wish now I had sent it to her; but, maybe, I can post it to her to Londonderry, if he takes me on to Glasgow.'

"Dashed if the mate's eyes weren't dim, and I couldn't see very clearly myself when the youngster stopped talkin'.

"'Hold up your head, my lad,' says the mate, 'and I'll say a word or two to the skipper.'

"He went out of the fo'c'stle, and I followed him close enough to hear the boy's story told again.

"The skipper thought about it for a few seconds. Then he spoke; and we both knew by the tones of his voice that one of his hardest fits was on him.

"I don't see,' he said, 'what I have to do with all this. I don't want any more hands, and won't have any more. But we can stand another passenger. You say the youngster has £15. Well, he can pay part of his fare at least, and I will give him a cabin berth and set him ashore at Londonderry. Go and get the money from him.'

"But the mate's face showed plain enough that the irons should go on him first. The skipper saw it, and calling to me, he told me to unarm the lad and bring him out of the fo'c'stle.

"When he was on the main deck the skipper says to him:—

"'Youngster, the mate tells me that you have £15 about you.'

"'Yes, sir,' says the boy.

"'Hand it over,' says the skipper, shortly.

"The boy turned white, but he pulled a little canvas bag from his bosom and gave it to the skipper, who counted fifteen ten-rupee notes out of it.

"'Now, this,' he says, 'won't half pay your passage to Londonderry; but I won't be hard on you. You can go aft, and the steward will give you a berth.'

"The youngster walked aft without a word, and from that minute until the vessel was off the coast of Ireland he hardly spoke at all; and some of the passengers, who didn't know his story, said he was going home to die, he drooped and looked so pale and weak.

"It was an awful night that saw us off the shore of Londonderry; a dead lee shore it was then, and the steamer, with a broken shaft, driftin' on to it. We could hear the waves breakin' near us, and we had passed the light that we should have been makin' for.

"'Mr. Reynolds,' said the skipper to the mate, as they stood together on the bridge, 'we'll be on the rocks in half-an-hour.'

"'Seems so, sir,' says the mate, stiffly. He had not liked the skipper since the boy's money was taken from him in the Bay of Bengal.

"The water was far too deep to let go an anchor, even if one could have held, which it couldn't in the gale. Enough head sail had been set to keep the steamer from broachin'-to, but all hands saw that, as things were goin', she would soon be on the rocks.

"Suddenly the skipper started as some one touched him on the shoulder. The youngster was standin' beside him.

"I was born on that coast,

sir,' he said, speakin' very slow, 'and I know every rock on it. I know, besides, a channel, on the port bow. We'll soon be off it. Shall I take you in?'

"'If you think you can,' says the skipper, 'do. It don't make much difference,' he says, turnin' to the mate, 'for we're bound to go ashore, anyhow. I'll give him the wheel.'

"The youngster took the wheel and headed her, it seemed to all of us, for where the breakers sounded loudest. The big fellow that helped him was told to do just as the lad ordered him. It was a ticklish time for all hands. But, all at once, the rocks seemed to open in front, and the steamer ran through a passage not fifty yards across, and in five minutes we

were at anchor in smooth water.

"The next morning the skipper said to his passenger:—

"'Here's £15 that I owe you; and the company will cash this for you, sir, for savin' their ship.'

"And he gave the youngster an order for £100!

"There was nothin' proud about the lad. He took the money, paid his mother's rent, and gave her a snug sum for housekeepin'. What became of him? Well, he and I have been shipmates pretty nigh ever since, though he's heaved many a knot ahead of me. That's him callin' me now," concluded the boatswain, pressing the fire out of his pipe with his thumb, and going out on the deck, where the master wanted him to muster the men to Sunday Service.

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### LOST RIVERS.

In many of our States, particularly in the West, it is a common thing to find a small river rushing noisily down from the mountain side, but, after reaching the plain, suddenly terminating in a marsh, sandy bed, or little lake without an outlet. Why and how this happens is described by Mr. M. W. Harrington in the last number of *Science*. He says:—

"One time I had the curiosity to examine a stream at the point where it was lost. It was the Rio Hondo, just south of Santa Fé. We had crossed it lower down; and, though the ravine was seventy-five or a hundred feet deep, we had found it perfectly dry. We followed up its south bank for a mile or two until we struck the foot-hills, and there we found it a bright, rippling stream, leaping down from ledge to ledge, very picturesque, with some scattered

trees along the banks, and so broad that it was not easy to pass over it, leaping from stone to stone, and remain dry-shod. From here my friend drove back to the crossing, and I walked down to see where and how a stream could lose itself with such a volume of water, and a path well marked out for it. As I followed it down, it ran on merrily in the midst of a little valley not more than six or eight rods wide, along which were pretty meadows alternating with clumps of bushes. It passed through the various incidents of a stream,—here a little fall, there a rapid over thickly set stones, a little further on a pool. There seemed to be nothing unusual in it, when suddenly I noticed that the little valley widened to double its previous width, the bed became more sandy, and the stream was spread over a greater space. It

was evidently going under; and within twenty rods of where I noticed the first change, the running water had entirely disappeared. The bed of the stream was damp for twenty rods or so more; then for a considerable distance I could get water by digging a few inches; then that indication failed, and beyond the stream-bed was entirely dry.

"Not all such streams terminate thus in the middle of their bed; some terminate in a small, shallow lake, some in a marsh; and either lake or marsh is pretty sure to be brackish, due to constant concentration by evaporation of the alkalies held in solution. Other lost streams fill up after a rainfall, and complete above ground their course to the main stream. After a heavy rain in the mountains they are apt to change their 'lost' character with a suddenness and decision which may prove dangerous. The water occasionally pours down with an advancing wave or head, which is described as sometimes five or six feet high.

"There is one remarkable case in New Mexico where the lost tributaries are plentiful, but the main stream does not exist. This is in a valley which lies between the Rio Grande and the Pecos River. The valley begins near the Sandia Mountains, and is shut out from the streams on each side by broken mountain chains. It is a well-defined valley, not very broad, but having a length of perhaps three hundred miles. It is somewhat obscured by the small scale and inaccuracies of the smaller maps; but on a larger and correct map of the territory its valley-character is unmistakable. It lies much nearer the Rio Grande than the Pecos. Flowing into it, especially on the western side near the

upper end, and on the eastern toward the lower, are numerous lost tributaries; but the primary stream has so completely disappeared that its bed can only be found at intervals.

"In this valley lie the ruins of the Gran Quivira, the existence of which is not only attested by the ruins themselves, but also by the accounts of the earliest Spanish travelers. The records of the Spanish up to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when they were expelled by the Indians, are incomplete, as the Indians destroyed all that was left behind. That the Gran Quivira was well known to them, however, is shown by the fact that the most prominent ruin there is that of a church. There is now no water for many miles from the ruins. That there must have been once can well be granted; for no large city would have been built by human beings at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from a scanty water supply. The valley may be named from this city, and would then be the Gran Quivira valley.

"About half-way down the valley it is broken by a long, narrow, thin layer of lava, now much broken up, and making a desolate region, locally known as the Mal-pais, or 'bad land.' The crater from which the lava was derived was near the northern end of the Mal-pais. Just above the Mal-pais an old river-bed is reached at the depth of about 250 feet; below it, the river-bed, when found, is at a slight depth. Southwest of the Apache reservation the old river-bed runs into a large salt-marsh.

"A stream of no mean size seems to have once run down this valley. Not only has it now disappeared, but its bed is covered

by lava and loose soil sometimes to great depths. As to the cause of the disappearance, it may have some connection with a tradition of the Indians which tells of a year of fire, when this valley was so filled with flames and poisonous gases as to be made uninhabitable. When this occurred, the chronology of the Indians is not perfect enough to tell us. That it was long ago is attested by the depth to which the old bed is covered by detritus, probably washed down from the mountains, and by trees of considerable size which are found in some places in it. But that it was not so extremely long ago that it had become entirely uninhabitable is made probable by the comparatively late desertion of the Gran Quivira. It is entirely possible that the Indian year of fire may have long preceded the drying up of the part of the valley in which Gran Quivira was situated.—*Christian Union*.

### "There Shall No Evil Befall Thee."

BY S. W. WEITZEL.

No evil! But, behold, how tempest-tossed!

Storms beat unhindered on the good man's head.

Heaven's lightnings shatter, or the early frost

Falls on the flower he loves, and leaves it dead.

No evil?—in a world where sorrow sits

Vigilant, jealous; where a shadow flits

Darkling beside each shape of happiness?—

Oh, deepest truth, most literal, tenderest!

There is no evil. Love is here to bless.

Oh, wondrous transmutation! In his hand

Who gives,—by his supreme command,—

The clay is turned to gold, the ill to good.

The lightning is his messenger; his frost

Chills not the root; who knows God's fatherhood

Knows he rides safe, however tempest-tossed.

There is no darkness; in love's light 'tis lost.

*S. S. Times.*

### On the Atlantic.

Attracted by a crowd on the fore part of the deck, roped off to divide steerage from saloon passengers, I became one of a motley group assisting at a sort of moral "free-and-easy," got up for the three hundred steerage folk by two ecclesiastics, whom I took at first for Romish priests from their costume. I found I was mistaken, and that they were the Principal and a Brother of "the Fraternity of the Iron Cross," an order of the American Episcopal church, which, it seems, has taken root in several of the large cities. The Brethren are vowed to "poverty, purity, and temperance" (or obedience, I am not sure which); and these two were crossing in the steerage to comfort and help the poor folk there,—no pleasant task, even in so airy a ship and such fine weather. One can imagine what power this kind of fellowship must give the Iron Cross brethren with their rather sad fellow-passengers, to whom they could say,—one of them, indeed, did say it,—“We are just as poor as the poorest of you, for we own no property of any kind, and never can own any till our deaths.” This Brother (a strapping young fellow of twenty-five, who I found had been an athlete at Oxford) waxed eloquent to them on his experiences in Philadelphia, especially on the workingmen brethren there. One of these, a big, rough chap, with a badly broken nose, he had rather looked askance at, first, till he found that the broken nose had been earned in a rough-and-tumble fight with a fellow who was ill-using a woman. Now they were the closest friends, and he looked on the broken nose as more honorable than the Victoria

Cross, and hoped none of the men there would fail to go in for that decoration if they ever got the same chance.

In melancholy contrast to the Iron Cross Brethren were two other diligent workers in quite another kind of business. They haunted the smoking-room from breakfast till "lights out," officious to help to arrange the daily sweepstakes on the ship's run; gloating over, and piling caressingly as they rattled down on the table, the dollars and half-crowns; always on the watch and ready to take a hand at cards, just to accommodate gents with whom time hung heavily. Bagmen, they were said to be; but I doubt if they travel for any industry except plucking pigeons on their own account,—unmistakable Jews of a low type, who never looked any man in the face,—

"In their eyes that stealthy gleam  
Was not learned of sky or stream,  
But it has the hard, cold glint  
Of new dollars from the mint."

Their industry was pursued cautiously, as the fine old captain is known to hold strong views about gambling, and there was less on this ship than any other I have crossed on. No baccarat table going all day, with excited youngsters putting their silver (gold, too, now and then) over the shoul-

ders of the players,—only a quiet hand at euchre or poker at a corner table, in the afternoon and after dinner; but even with such straitened opportunities youngsters may be plucked to a fairly satisfactory figure. From £10 to £20 was often at stake on one deal at poker, and, I was told, not seldom much higher sums. I saw myself one mere boy inveigled into blind-hookey for a minute or two while the poker party was gathering. He won the first cut, and two minutes later I saw "Is-carriot Ingots, Esq.," that highly respectable man," looking abstractedly across the room and dreamily gathering up a large handful of silver which the boy rattled down as he flung off to take his seat at the poker table; and so on, and so on.

It occurs to one to ask, not without some indignation, why this sort of thing is allowed on these Atlantic steamers. My own observation confirms the general belief that professionals cross on nearly every boat; and on every boat there are youngsters fresh from school or college, out of leading-strings for the first time, and with considerable sums in their pockets. It is a bad scandal, and might be stopped with the greatest ease.—*Corr. of the London Spectator.*

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## FIFTY YEARS' MISSION WORK IN FIJI.

Among the memorable anniversaries that claim the reverent remembrance of our generation is that which celebrates, during this week, the semi-centennial of the introduction of the gospel into the Fiji Islands. Perhaps there was never a more hopeless field for its reception and development,

or one where its triumph has been more marked and successful. The very name, Fiji, was a synonym for cannibalism and everything that was inhuman and brutal in the most degraded savage. No portion of the Great South Sea Archipelago was sunk in deeper debasement. But all has been

transformed by the gospel, and that alone, which was carried to it by Wesleyan missionaries in 1835.

Fiji consists of a large group of islands, about 225 in all, of which 80 are inhabited. Some are of volcanic origin, but the principal portions are of coral structure. The population has been estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000. The people were subject to kings or chiefs, whose word was law and whose rule was autocratic. After visiting Fiji, Com. Wilkes, of our navy, said, "So beautiful was the aspect of the islands that I could scarcely bring my mind to realize the well-known fact that they were the abodes of a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals."

Yet this was the fact: on every island vice, cruelty, war, outrage, and cannibalism abounded. Nothing in all Fiji was so cheap as human life. Women held a most degraded position. Polygamy was universal, with its consequences of jealousy, hatred, and child murder. Two-thirds of the children were killed as soon as born. Killing the sick to avoid trouble, and aged parents to get rid of the helplessness attending second childhood, ranked as social institutions in Fiji, and he would have been a brave man who disregarded either practice. Cannibalism was part of the native religion, and considering the large number slain for feasts or revenge, in war or by treachery, together with the victims of the cruel customs of wife murder and infanticide, it seems wonderful that Fiji was not utterly depopulated. Of all dark places of the earth, Fiji seems to have been the darkest.

But on these dark lands has the light of the gospel shone. The

first missionaries to the Pacific islands were sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1796. Some were stationed at Tahiti, others in the Marquesas, and others in Tonga in the Friendly Islands. As the natives became Christianized, especially the Tongans, they visited neighboring islands and carried the news of the new religion. In this way the first steps for the evangelization of Fiji were taken in 1834. A great awakening took place that year in the Wesleyan mission churches in Tonga, that led the converted natives to feel concerned about the spiritual condition of their Fiji neighbors. Two of the Wesleyan missionaries, Rev. David Cargill and Rev. W. Cross, were appointed to commence a new mission there. They began to study the language, and prepared an alphabet, catechism, and an easy lesson book, and printed them at the Tongan mission press. In October, 1835, they and their families went to Lakemba. They were favorably received by the king and people. Without losing time they mastered the language, translated a portion of the Gospel of Matthew, and began to prepare a grammar and dictionary. Day-schools were established, spelling-books circulated, and portions of the Testament were printed. At the end of the first year over 280 natives were admitted to the church.

From Lakemba the gospel leaven spread to other islands. It has prospered and prevailed over opposition and persecution till many are now thoroughly redeemed. The New Testament was translated and printed in 1847, and in 1858 the whole Bible was put in circulation. Since 1867 Christian truth has spread very rapidly. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," hymn-

books, school books, theological books, and commentaries have been issued from the press. Miss Emma R. Pitman's narrative of missionary enterprise, trials, and triumphs in Central Africa, Japan, and Fiji, published by the American Tract Society, gives abundant and interesting details of the progress of this most wonderful trophy of the gospel in modern times. Such a glorious semi-centennial should be celebrated not only by the Wesleyans, whose mission work it commemorates, but by the united church of Christ.

Miss Gordon Cumming, a recent English traveler, in her popular work "At Home in Fiji," thus sums up this story of the triumph of the gospel there:—

"Strange, indeed, is the change which has come over these isles since first Messrs. Cargill and Cross, Wesleyan missionaries, landed here in 1835, resolved at the hazard of their lives to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of these white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these blood-thirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had first to master, and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one's blood even to hear about. Many such have been described to me by eye-witnesses. Slow and disheartening was their work for many years, yet so well has that little heaven worked that, with the exception of the Kai Tholos, the wild islanders who still hold out in their mountain fastnesses, the eighty inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have *lotued* (i. e., embraced Christianity) in such good earnest as may well put to shame many other more civilized nations.

"I often wish that some of the cavillers who are for ever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in these islands. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago when every man's hand was against his neighbor, and the land had no rest from barbarous inter-tribe wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef, the prisoners deliberately fattened for the slaughter, dead bodies dug up that had been buried ten or twelve days, and could only be cooked in the form of puddings; limbs cut off from living men and women and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose, and this not only in time of war, when such atrocities might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or fancy of the moment. Then, further, think of the sick buried alive, the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man, the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasp ing it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads, or those who were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony,—a time when there was not the slightest security for life and property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come, when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbors with fresh meat.

"Just think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought and then just imagine white men

who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited islands has built for itself a tidy little church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that

there are *nine hundred* Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations, that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound which greets your ears at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

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*From the Christian Intelligencer.*

## A NEW EVANGELICAL DEPARTURE—SEA CAPTAIN LED TO JESUS.

There are indications that Mr. MOODY's visit to the English universities may prove to be the most important work of his life, and possibly the means of an evangelistic, as well as evangelical, revival analogous to that of Wesley and Whitfield which began in the same institutions. The story has just been re-told here by one of the young men, Mr. J. E. K. STUDD, who was one of the first fruits at Cambridge. He is in this country at Mr. Moody's request to make an evangelistic tour among the colleges, and began at Princeton with a three day's meeting. His statement, to a full gathering of students last Monday evening, of what had occurred in the universities was a most effective opening of the work. It was a plain straightforward talk, in the familiar college student style. It made apparent the fact that the leaders of the movement abroad had been the leading athletes and prize-men of Oxford and Cambridge. And the whole story was of a kind to not only arrest the attention of the student mind, but to present

the religious question in a new and adapted light.

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The fifth of November, 1882, was the date of Mr. Moody's first appearance at Cambridge. This was the day consecrated to the free fight between the students and the citizens, known as "town and gown." Fifteen hundred attended Mr. Moody's meeting, partly from curiosity and chiefly with the purpose of putting him down. Everything he said was greeted with uproarious applause, so that scarcely anything could be heard. The meeting was "upset." The attempt to gain a hearing was persevered in, accompanied by much prayer, and Friday night the audience were so quiet that a whisper could be heard. The most remarkable conversions followed, both as to the kind of men reached and the profound change which took place in them. Precisely the same thing occurred at Oxford. Among the converts were eight of the most prominent athletes, including the captain of the university eleven and the "stroke" of

the university boat crew. The movement was merely started by Mr. Moody. The young men carried it forward with growing power, a power which is active to this day. Mr. Studd's brother and STANLEY SMITH, who I understood him to say was the leading cricketer of England, were especially energetic and successful.

This brother (our speaker was exceedingly modest and reticent about his own part in this work) now became exercised with the question, "What shall I do?" He had enough to live on without having to work for it. He was studying law with the finest prospects, but it did not seem to him that a merely professional life would fill the measure of God's requirements upon him. He shut himself up in his room for ten days or more, to be alone with God. But no definite light came to him, till one day Stanley Smith, who had already decided to go as a missionary to China, came to his room by accident (mistaking it for the room of our Mr. Studd, with whom he was already acquainted). Smith invited him to go that evening to hear a lecture by a Mr. McArthur, who was famous for having walked all the way across China.

The next morning Mr. Studd announced that he also had decided to go to China as a missionary. His brother was distressed at the tidings, and tried to dissuade him. They prayed together over it. The young man went to bed that night, but could not sleep. The words kept coming to his wakeful mind:—"I will give Thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession;" and he felt that it would be im-

possible to turn back. But, as always, God would still further test His disciple's readiness to take up His cross and leave all. He had a mother so devoted to him that she was never willing to let him out of her sight. When he announced his decision to her, the scene was an agonizing one, and he was only able to fortify his determination by continually saying to himself, "Except a man leave father and mother for my sake, he cannot be my disciple." At length God by His Spirit prevailed, so that all the family saw His hand in it and were content.

Then came a series of consecration meetings at the universities under the lead of Studd and Stanley Smith. At Cambridge thirty-eight men declared their readiness to go anywhere that the Lord might send them. At Oxford, the attendance at first was small, but in a few nights no hall could be found large enough to hold the multitude. Similar results followed as at Cambridge. One of the chief oarsmen tried to compromise by sending a \$50 bill "to help the cause." He was not allowed to quiet his conscience thus, and was brought to consecrate *himself*. At Mortlake, after the great university boat race of that year, the town was astounded by hand bills announcing that a Gospel meeting would be held in the evening, conducted by the captains of the University eights and others of the crew. They now pushed on to the Scotch universities. At Edinburgh a hundred and twenty men dedicated themselves to evangelistic work. At Glasgow, a meeting of two thousand was held, and like results followed, besides many remarkable conversions of persons, who

had gone to the meetings out of mere curiosity. At the farewell meeting to Studd and Stanley Smith and five more, Exeter Hall in London was not able to contain the crowd, a large part of which was made up of students from the universities.

The ultimate results of all this movement (said the speaker) no human mind can estimate. The Society for world-evangelization, thus formed, was composed of the ablest and strongest young men of the Universities of Great Britain. The interest excited was intense, so that letters of inquiry kept pouring in faster than they could attend to them. One feature was the fact that the dedication of themselves to the work in many instances, as in those of Smith and the Studds, involved their payment of their own expenses.

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The Foreign Missionary party shipped for Suez in a vessel whose captain was a notorious infidel, blasphemer and drunkard. "If you can convert that captain," those who knew him said, "we will believe." The captain himself rubbed his hands in glee at the prospect of putting down the missionaries. All approaches to him were met by blasphemy and infidel argument. "Had he read the Bible?" "Yes, knew it through and through, and it was all bosh!" After a fruitless interview of two hours, Mr. Studd remarked as a close to the conversation:—"Well, all I have to say is, I have a peace which the world cannot give." The man seemed struck by the remark, grew serious, and said: "We are all seeking that, but we never find it." "You can have it by simple trust in the Lord Jesus Christ," was the reply. The captain then opened his heart, and

revealed its secret of unrest. After separating from the young missionary, he went down and shut himself in his cabin. The next that was seen of him was his writing a letter home, asking forgiveness for having left his family rudely and without a word. He gave his heart to Christ, and became completely changed, and all the crew marvelled greatly.

On the voyage to Calcutta, every one of their fellow passengers (they shipped as second-class, for this very purpose) gave evidence of being born again. At Shanghae, a place so preëminently bad that no previous religious effort had availed, the same results of awakening and conversion followed. Among other cases was that of an Episcopal clergyman, who electrified his congregation at one of the meetings by announcing that, if God had called him to his account on the Sunday previous, his soul would have been lost. A bitter and abusive article appeared in an English paper there, which was inexplicable till it was ascertained that the Editor was venting his rage because his wife had been one of the converts. But she prevailed on him also to attend the meetings, and ere long, he, too, was a confessor of Christ.

During this time a remarkable faith-cure was performed. Their attention was called by his physician to an epileptic, as a hopeless case of long standing. They knelt in prayer beside the poor man, and followed it up in the prayer-meeting next day, and in three days he was pronounced perfectly restored.

These young men were not content to remain on the seaboard, but had plunged into the interior where no missionary had ever penetrated. In order to do this the

more effectively, they had shaved their heads and adopted the Chinese costume. They were separated from all Europeans, and were regarded and treated as "foreign devils," stoned, and in peril of their lives. But none of these things had moved them, and they were full of peace and joy, and testified that they had chosen the better part.

This was very remarkable, when we consider what they had left for this cause. Every one of them had already made his mark. They were the leading cricketers and oarsmen of England, officers of the British army, ministers in the English Church, all with the finest worldly prospects assured to them. In some instances they had been cut off from their inheritance by opposing and disappointed rela-

tives. Of those in Cambridge who have followed them are the first bicyclist, the first Hebrew scholar, the man who has carried off all the honors, and the examiner in theology. But all these things have been relinquished, in order to go abroad and preach the Gospel to the destitute and in the deserts of the world.

Mr. Studd's simple but wonderful narrative evidently made a profound impression on the mind of the students, and we are all confident that it lays the right foundation for the work of gaining the attention, especially of those who are not apt to realize that to be a Christian is the manliest thing one can do.

F. N. ZABRISKIE.

*Princeton, N. J., Nov. 7th, 1885*

## CAPTAIN LANE AND HIS WORK.

He is a sea-captain. He was born in Maine. Nurtured by a godly mother prior to going out on his "voyage of life," he carried with him wherever he went the influence of her prayers; but, at the age of forty, did not know by experience the secret of her life, nor did he have the remotest wish to know or secure it. So unwilling was he to put himself under influences tending to better things that his life was always one of restlessness and condemnation, and every day found him wandering farther and farther from God.

"Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments" was beautifully verified to this mother when God gave to her son the acquaintance of a young lady of great Christian worth. She afterwards became his wife, who strove

with all her power to lead him to Christ; and yet for a time her entreaties were unheeded; indeed, everything connected with religion was scornfully treated, though the memory of that mother's prayer ever kept the subject before his mind. Examples of Christian life about him only added to the burden he was carrying, and it was growing heavier every day, until in a frenzy of despair, he knelt one quiet Sabbath afternoon in the parlor of his home, when all had gone to church, and cried,— "O, Lord, if there is anything in this religion of Christ, will you give it to me here and now?" Immediately the Lord answered his prayer, and when his wife returned from church, he was "a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things had passed away, behold all things had become new."

Shortly after his conversion he visited an island in the Penobscot bay in Maine, where he found much work to be done for Christ, "who had done so much" for him, and while there the conviction grew upon him that God had a special work for him to do in the salvation of these souls; so, combining business (for support) with organizing Sabbath-schools, he "preached Christ and Him crucified" all summer to these islanders. Hearing of his labors, the S. S. Union sent word to him that they would furnish him with Bibles, Testaments, S. S. Helps, papers, and libraries, and pay him a salary if he would work for them. So, for four years and six months he has been engaged among the fishermen in Maine in the summers, and among the poorest classes along our southern coasts in the winter time. He has established forty schools between Penobscot and Passamaquoddy bays, most of which depend upon him for support.

Traveling in a small yacht, he feels that he has accomplished but little, so often has wind and tide been against him; still, he has much to encourage him in the quickened life which he sees in revisiting the schools, now numbering 15,000 souls.

This boat, partly given by friends, has enabled him to go where, with his knowledge of sea life, many could not go if they would, and his love for Christ has carried him through many perilous straits to give to the almost forsaken people, living on the low sunken shores of our southern borders, the story of Christ's redeeming love. The "Seaman's Bethel," in Portland, Me., and Rev. Mr. Wilcox, of Malden, Mass., both generously

gave \$100 towards it. But now it is much too small for the ever increasing demands of this "coast mission" work, and if Capt. Lane and his good wife are not spirited off by some of the missionary societies, or by that city which just now is calling him to the position of city missionary, and they go out to sea again, in some way increased facilities for carrying on this work must be given them.

He must have a larger boat and workers like himself when he goes again, and he feels grateful to God that from his own church he has put it into the heart of a young man to say, "*I want to go, and will be ready when you are.*" So here are three workers, Capt. Lane and his wife, and Mr. Crosby, waiting for Christ's children to send them out. At the meeting of the "American Board" we all remember the repeated calls for workers; how grateful should we be that God has made these ready to give up nice homes, business, and so much beside, for the sake of these benighted, yes, heathen souls along our coast. "Oh! that I could have a *Morning Star* in our work," Capt. Lane says, "for the creeks, rivers and inlets are so many, and it takes so long to get round in a sail boat." In his own church in Malden, Rev. Mr. Pease, pastor, he has asked the question, "What shall I do, give it all up, or try to get a new boat, and push onward?" He must have the boat, we say.

In reference to the schools on the Maine coast, much must be done for the poor fishermen and their families constituting them. "In one of seventy-one pupils, only eleven were decently clad." "A lady, superintending a school in Starboard Creek, Machiasport, was obliged, because she had no

boots of her own, to wear her husband's. Leaving them at the door, she would work in her 'stocking feet' till it was time to go home, and during the entire season she was at her post every Sunday except two, when storms prevented her going out." In Head Harbor Island lives a lady equally earnest in the saving of souls. Three years ago Capt. Lane was told that it would be utterly useless to organize a school in this place, for the people had no regard for the Sabbath or Christ; but encouraging them with gifts from his treasury of good things, they yielded to him, and to-day, under Mrs. Alley's care, a school of forty is prospering finely. Mrs. Lane thinks it a great privilege to work with such spirits in the Master's vineyard.

Would that Christian hearts in Maine would send some of their barrels and boxes this coming winter to these poor "little ones" on the cold coast. Gratitude like that of the colored girl when Capt. Lane gave her a dress would be felt, we are sure. She turned to look it over as she took it from his hand, and he heard her say, in an undertone, "God bress dose ladies up norf."—*Christian Mirror*.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### The Fog Horn of Salvation.

The pastor of a church in this city sent a "Topic" prayer-meeting card to a member who was a retired sailor, with the request that he would give one of his familiar and suggestive talks. The subject was *Psalm xviii; 1, 2*. When he got up he began by saying that it was fortunate and providential that the recorded words

of the sacred writings admit of an application to suit all manner and conditions of man. To a nautical mind, David, at this point of his life, would have made a most excellent commander of an ocean steamer; for he begins this Psalm by mapping out the very best course possible to pursue in life: "*I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.*"

And I commend that pathway to the young man and the young woman, and to all of this day.

"Then, like an unselfish captain, he gives to the world, with wonderful rapidity, and powerful force, his reasons for following that route. "*The Lord is my rock*"—a solitary object raising its head above the troubled sea, with deep water all around it, and of safe approach,—"*And my fortress*,"—a substantial defense, reared upon that solid rock, raising the mark still higher, and making it more easy of discernment. The sailor feels safe when he heaves in sight of such a landmark. It tells him with certainty where he is. Then, in addition, "*My High Tower*." David certainly felt that there was a powerful and penetrating light of the purest order in that high tower. Then besides, "*The Horn of my Salvation*." Should the skies be thickened by fog or storm, surely this horn would belch forth its shrill warning notes, like the steam sirens in the light-houses of modern days.

"David did not shape his course for a sunken reef, or an ever shifting sand bar, treacherous and deceiving obstacles, the theories and foundations of modern atheism. Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and our Savior, stands forth to-day in the same clear, bold outline, and welcomes your approach. Will we run for the mark?" J.

## "THERE SHE BLOWS."

A WELCOME CRY OFF AMAGANSETT SHORE—CAPTURING TWO LARGE WHALES NEAR

THE EAST END OF LONG ISLAND.

Times have changed since the east end of Long Island and the Massachusetts coast sent out, yearly, gallant fleets of whalers to the Pacific and the Arctic Ocean. But the traditions of the good old days still live, and nowhere are they more fondly cherished than in Amagansett, L. I. In best rooms of the straggling cottages which line the single broad, sandy street of this fishing village hang the trophies of many an eventful whaling cruise. There are the huge teeth of the sperm whale carved with rude designs of eagles and flags. There are the formidable tusks of the walrus; there are old harpoons and lances which have figured in many a hotly contested battle; there are enormous pieces of whalebone from which still hangs the long black hair. The villagers have stories to relate of boats crushed and men sent to the bottom by a single blow from the fluke of one animal, of the countless barrels of oil yielded by the blubber of another, of long chases and hairbreadth escapes. Among the old whalers of Amagansett none is a more picturesque figure than Captain "Josh" Edwards. Born of a family of whalers he has himself sailed the Pacific and the Arctic, and in the words of the villagers, "when he gets there, he's a prisoner."

Captain "Josh" now fishes for cod, but the old whaling instincts are still alive within him. On Saturday morning (Dec. 12th) at daybreak, he and his boy were on their way down to the beach to get the dory ready for starting out to a day's fishing. As they reached the top of the sandhill that slopes gently down to the sea, the Captain thought he saw another boat that had got under way before him and was already half a mile off shore. Pointing it out to his boy, he remarked:—"There's somebody that's been spyer than us. Who do you suppose it can be?"

Then he joyfully sang out, as a sight always welcome to a whaler met his eyes:—"By gosh, thar she blows!" He was about to add, "Sperm whale, three points on the port bow," but he remembered that he was not on the deck of a whaler in the North Pacific, and he dropped his

fishing tackle without wasting time in useless words and ran for his house. What Captain Josh had taken for a fishing boat was indeed a whale, or rather two whales, and just at the moment when he was pointing it out to his boy the whale had spouted. Whenever a whale is sighted off Amagansett the joyful news is published by shoving out "The Weft." The weft is a tattered old flag, but it always causes a sensation when it makes its appearance in the sleepy little village. There is a tremendous bustle, gigs, harpoons and lances are prepared for use, and the villagers flock down to the shore to watch the departure of the whalers and to see what they can of the battle from the land. Three boats started out on Saturday with six men in each. Captain Josh was in command of one with his brother, Captain Gabe Edwards. The other boats were commanded by Jesse Edwards and Jonathan Edwards, all of the same family. Captain Josh was the first to start, but the whales, as if anticipating the attack, had moved off to the southeast and there was a slim chance before the whalers. They bent vigorously to their oars, however, and from time to time were encouraged by Captain Josh, who was at the helm and sang out cheerily "Thar she blows," when the whales came to the surface for a breathing spell. Sometimes the animals stayed nearly half an hour under water and the faces of the men would grow long at the thought of losing their prize. But at length a great jet of water would again leap into the air and each time nearer and nearer, till at length the boat was within a few yards of the great animals.

The two whales were evidently a cow and a bull, the cow about sixty feet in length, the bull about forty, rich prizes for the poor fishermen. Each man felt his heart beating like a sledgehammer against his ribs as Captain Gabe stood up in the bow of the boat, examined the rope of his harpoon to assure himself that it would run smoothly through the groove in the bow, balanced in his hand the heavy piece of ash with its three feet of cold steel, and stood ready to throw. The whales were playing innocently together as whales do. Suddenly the harpoon went whizzing from Captain Gabe's hand and buried itself up to the handle in the

poor cow. There was a commotion, a shower of spray tinged with blood, and a glimpse of the huge fins and fluke lashing the water.

"Back her away," shouted Captain Gabe, and the men obeyed promptly.

"Have you made fast?" sang out Captain Josh from the stern sheets.

"Aye, aye," replied his brother.

Then come aft and handle the boat, while I take the lead," said Captain Josh. Gabe obeyed, and his brother took the place in the bow, lance in hand, waiting for an opportunity to inflict the death blow, but the whales were resolved to die game, if die they must, and the whalers had a stubborn battle before them. The wounded cow and the bull rolled over and over together until the harpoon line was wound around the body of each, lashing them firmly together. Then down they plunged, hoping to escape their pursuers by seeking the depth of the sea. The line smoked as it ran through the groove, and the men breathlessly waited for the animals to reappear. At last they began to rise. The line was hauled in and coiled, and Captain Josh got his lance ready for use. The other two boats now came up, and when the whales again appeared on the surface they were greeted with a shower of missiles. The animals dived and fought. The lines became hopelessly entangled. Boats and whales lay side by side, while the great flukes lashed the water, and from time to time a lance darted through the air and pierced one of the black, shiny backs, making the flesh quiver. The bows of two of the boats were soon stove in by blows from the whale's tails and the men were hard at work bailing out the water. The animals fought desperately for their lives, although the cow was now spouting blood, a sign that she had been touched in a vital spot. Once they broke the harpoon lines and got away, but their pursuers were again upon them and fresh harpoons were buried in their bodies. Through all the fight the whales kept close together, rising each time side by side and striking with their flukes as if their movements were governed by a single brain. At last, after being pierced on every side, they began to show signs of exhaustion. The whalers approached them more boldly, and still speared them mercilessly. After a two hours' fight the cow rolled over on her side dead, and within two minutes the little bull was dead too.

When the battle was over the men found themselves ten miles from Ama-

gansett. One boat made fast to each whale and a start was made for the shore. It was no easy task, however, to tow these huge carcasses through the water, and it was midnight before the cow was safely hauled up on the beach. Then a watch was set to guard the carcasses against being carried away by the tide, and the whalers, sore and weary, though proud and content, returned to their cottages.

To-morrow the bodies will be cut up and the blubber and whalebone taken out. Each animal is worth over a thousand dollars, and the Amagansett women are already planning what presents they want for Christmas.—*N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 14th, 1885.*

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### Mariner's Family Asylum, Clifton, S. I., New York.

We again gladly commend the interests of this noble charity to the regard of the readers of the MAGAZINE.—*Ed.*

In this appeal we desire to call your attention to this Institution, and to its claims on a generous public for aid to carry on its work, and also to ask your sympathy in its behalf;—and that you may be better acquainted with the work done, and with its merits, we will briefly state a few facts for your consideration.

The Institution is located on Staten Island, and furnishes a home for aged wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of seamen. It has been in operation for more than thirty-four years and is managed by a Board of some forty lady managers, representing all denominations. It is non-sectarian, and is managed with the most rigid economy, as the following facts will show:—

The whole expense of the Institution is less than \$100 for each inmate. This includes the costs of repairs and insurance.

To give you an idea who the inmates of this Home are, I will state the ages of five who have died there within a few years. One (the last of three sisters who made this their home, and of whom one was blind and one quite deaf) was a hundred years old at the time of her death; the other four were respectively eighty-five, seventy-three, seventy-two and sixty-five years old.

Following is an extract from one of the Annual Reports of the Managers:—  
"The Managers regret very much that they cannot receive all who apply for admission, for the lack of means to

support them, but they have deemed it best not to increase the number and expenses of the household at the risk of shortening the stay of those already in the Institution; and they earnestly pray that this significant expression may find its way to the hearts of those who have home and friends, so that they may be able to furnish a home for those who have neither."

The number of inmates has ranged from forty to one hundred, their ages ranging from sixty to upwards of ninety years, infirm and wholly destitute. None are admitted under the age of sixty years.

The asylum has no fund for its support. It has been sustained by the managers, by collections, and Fairs held for this purpose. It is not sectarian, or restricted to nationality. The managers defray their own expenses. There is an impression with some that the Mariner's Family Asylum is aided by the Sailors' Snug Harbor. This is not so. We often have the wife of some sailor in the S. S. H., but never a cent from that source.

The Asylum is in great need of repairs. A new roof is needed for the protection of the building. The recent sanitary improvements (for which we are in part indebted,) were a positive necessity for the health of the inmates. The managers pay strict attention and the closest economy to the expenditures of the Asylum, and make every effort to sustain it, and now call upon a generous public for aid.

This we do with great reluctance, but duty to these aged, infirm and destitute women demands it.

To the bravery and fidelity of our seamen, our country is largely indebted for its prosperity, and let it not be said that the Empire State with its commercial interests, its vast resources and unparalleled influence, is unmindful of his services and neglectful of his aged wife or mother, and that the only institution of this kind in our country is not provided for. Men of business, and votaries of pleasure,—remember the sailor's aged mother. And remember, "he gives twice who gives promptly," and "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The following are the members of the Official Board for 1885-6.

*Officers:*—Mrs. Capt. A. A. CORNING, first directress; Mrs. H. B. JACKSON, second directress; Mrs. D. W. Fish, corresponding secretary; Miss MARY C. RUTHERFORD, recording secretary; Mrs. G. W. JOHNSON, treasurer.

Contributions in money or provisions may be sent to either of the Board of Managers or Board of Counsel, or to Mrs. DANIEL W. FISH, 184 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, or to Mrs. S. W. JOHNSON, Treasurer, Pearsall's, Long Island, or to JAMES W. ELWELL, 57 South St., New York, or 70 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

New York, December 1st, 1885.

### Nearly Fifty Years of Service.

"The oldest sailor in the service of the United States Navy at the present time," says the *N. Y. Herald*, "is WILLIAM NORMAN. He is now stationed at the Naval Academy Annapolis, Md. At the expiration of his enlistment, on the 3rd of next March, Norman will make application to enter the Sailor's Home at Washington, as he feels that he has served the navy quite long enough. He will then have done continuous service in the navy for forty-nine years, having first entered in 1837. Norman is a native of Hamburg, Germany, where he was born in 1811, seventy-four years ago. During the period covered by his enlistment he has cruised in many a ship and encountered many a gale. Nearly all the commanding officers under whom he served have since either retired from the navy on account of old age or died.

"I first enlisted in Boston," said the old sailor, "in 1837, and was put on the *Ohio*, a sailing vessel, which, by the way, was one of the stanchest crafts owned by the government at the time. In those days we had nothing but sailing vessels. The *Ohio* was commanded by Captain Perry and assigned to the Brazilian station. After remaining on the vessel two years I was transferred to the *Siam*, Lieutenant Commander Hoff, commanding, on the same station, which was afterward lost on the Columbia River during the Mexican War. When the *Independence* was the flagship of the Pacific station, in 1845, under Commodore Shufeldt, I was attached to that vessel and afterward assigned to the sloop-of-war *St. Louis*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Tilton, father of Captain McLane Tilton, of the United States Marine corps, and later to the sloop-of-war *John Adams*, Commander Winslow, and the steamer *Wyoming*, on the China station."

"Norman mentioned a number of other

vessels on which he has cruised to the different stations, including the West Indies. In 1864, while on shore duty, Norman received a wound in the right leg, which sent him to the hospital for several months. He had charge of the ammunition at the time and was standing on the bridge between Charleston and Savannah when the surprise from the enemy came. Norman has twice been stationed at the Naval Academy, having been here before from 1866 till 1873, when he was sent on the West India station. After remaining there three years he returned to the Naval Academy in 1876, and has been here ever since. His present rank is "captain of the top." Norman is a well preserved man, and looks as if he is good for many years yet. He is well known and everybody respects him. The only other sailor who has claim to long service in the navy is a party who went by the name of "Portuguese Joe," whom Norman thinks is about four years his senior. When last heard from "Portuguese Joe" was aboard the *Galena* on the European station, and Norman does not know whether or not he is still living."

### U. S. Life Saving Service.

It was telegraphed from Washington, D. C., November 29th, that the annual report of General Superintendent S. I. KIMBALL shows that at the close of the last fiscal year the service embraced 203 stations, 157 being on the Atlantic, 38 on the Lakes, 7 on the Pacific and one at the Falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of station operations for the year ending June 30th, 1885, was 256. There were on board of these vessels 2,206 persons, of whom 2,196 were saved and only 10 lost. The number of shipwrecked persons who received succor at the stations was 568, to whom 1,686 days' relief was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels in these disasters was \$3,519,550 and that of their cargoes \$1,084,905; making the total value of property imperilled \$4,604,455. Of this amount \$3,352,760 was saved and \$1,251,695 lost. The number of vessels lost was 56. In addition to the foregoing, there were in the year 115 casualties to smaller craft, such as sailboats, rowboats, etc., on which were 233 persons, 232 of whom were saved and 1 lost. The property in these instances is estimated at \$29,925; of which \$26,823 was saved and

\$3,102 lost. In addition to persons saved from vessels, 37 others were rescued who had fallen from wharves, piers, etc., and who would have perished without the help of the life saving crew. The loss of life within the scope of the service is the smallest ever reached since its general extension, except in the year 1880, when only 9 were lost. Since that time, however, the field of operations has been greatly enlarged by the addition of 24 stations in places specially selected on account of their dangerous character. The assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes was larger than in any previous year except 1884, 366 vessels having been worked off, when stranded; repaired, when damaged; piloted out of dangerous places and otherwise assisted by the station crews. There were also 204 instances where vessels running into danger of stranding in the night were warned off by the signals of the patrol.

### Boats of Gold.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen has just been enriched by a remarkable discovery made at a small place near Thisted, on the west coast of Jutland, Denmark. Two men digging in a gravel-pit in the neighborhood of an old burial mound, called Thor's Mound, struck an earthen vessel with their picks, disclosing a number of gold pieces. On examination it was found that an earthen vessel about seven inches diameter at the rim, and covered with a flat stone, had been buried about a foot and half below the surface, and this contained about a hundred little golden boats, curiously worked, varying in size from three to four and half inches. A gunwale and frames of thin strips of bronze had first been formed, and these had been covered with gold plates, some of which were further ornamented with impressions of concentric rings. The boats, of which only a few are in a fair state of preservation, are tapered at both ends, and resemble the Danish craft of the present day. This discovery, which may be regarded as a deposited treasure of votive offerings, and belongs doubtless to the close of the bronze age, proves that frame-built vessels were already known at that time, and that man was not satisfied with the hollowed-out trunks of trees. The gold of which these little fishing models are composed was valued at twenty-six dollars, which amount, together with a gratuity, has been forwarded to the finders, who are both poor men.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

The following annual enumeration of laborers in the active missionary service of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is printed partly for historic reference, and partly that we may bring to our readers' notice the whereabouts and work of each.

CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES AND HELPERS AIDED WHOLLY OR  
IN PART BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND  
SOCIETY, JANUARY 1st, 1886.

## IN THE UNITED STATES.

<i>Seaport.</i>	<i>Chaplain, Missionary or Helper.</i>	<i>Mission estab- lished or first aided in</i>
New York City.....	Rev. E. O. BATES..... } Mr. C. A. BORELLA..... }	1828
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard.....	Rev. E. N. CRANE.....	1862
Stapleton, S. I.....	Rev. F. M. KIP, D. D.....	1883
Jersey City, N. J.....	BRADFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.....	1880
Boston, Mass.....	Capt. S. S. NICKERSON.....	1860
Norfolk, Va.....	Rev. J. B. MERRITT.....	1859
Wilmington, N. C.....	Rev. D. KELLOGG.....	1865
Charleston, S. C.....	Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER.....	1865
Savannah, Ga.....	Rev. RICHARD WEBB.....	1859
Pensacola, Fla.....	Rev. H. S. YERGER.....	1869
Mobile, Ala.....	Mr. J. D. MOONEY.....	1884
Galveston, Texas.....	Rev. E. O. MCINTIRE.....	1853
Astoria, Oregon.....	Rev. J. MCCORMAC.....	1882
Tacoma, W. T.....	Rev. R. S. STUBBS.....	1885

DOMESTIC STATIONS, 13; LABORERS, 14.

## IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

*Scandinavia.*

Christiania, Norway.....	Mr. O. M. LEVORSEN.....	1874
Gefle, Sweden.....	Mr. E. ERIKSSON.....	1865
Gothland, Island of, Sweden.....	Mr. JOHN LINDELIUS.....	1848
Helsingborg, Sweden.....	Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT.....	1869
Stockholm, ".....	Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG.....	1841
Copenhagen, Denmark.....	Rev. ANDREAS WOLLESON.....	1852

*Continent of Europe.*

Hamburg, Germany.....	Mr. J. C. JONES.....	1879
Antwerp, Belgium.....	Rev. JAMES HITCHENS..... } Mr. J. T. HAM..... }	1861
Havre, France.....	Mr. C. J. HEPPELL.....	1832
Marseilles, ".....	Rev. T. C. SKEGG.....	1835
Genoa, Italy.....	Rev. DONALD MILLER..... } Mr. P. H. CLUCAS..... }	1870
Naples, Italy.....	Rev. T. JOHNSTON IRVING.....	1873

*Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans: South America.*

Funchal, Madeira Islands.....	Mr. W. G. SMART.....	1882
Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.....	.....	1832
Yokohama, Japan.....	Mr. W. T. AUSTEN.....	1873
Bombay, India.....	Rev. J. S. STONE.....	1884
Valparaiso, Chile.....	Rev. FRANK THOMPSON.....	1847

FOREIGN STATIONS, 16; LABORERS, 18.

## At Stations on the Foreign Field.

## Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Over date of November 24th, '85, chaplain JAMES HITCHENS reported:—

"Large numbers of sailors frequent the reading-rooms; all our meetings are well attended. Entertainments have been given; coffee and other refreshments are provided. Our sailors are supplied with writing materials free of charge, and also the free use of games of skill. Thirty-five hundred and fifty-two visits were paid by seamen to our reading-rooms during the past quarter; 1,212 letters were written and received, and 4,150 have attended our meetings; the sailors' widows and orphans have been cared for, and a number of distressed seamen relieved. The sick in Hospital and on board ship have been visited, and all means have been used to lead sinners to Christ. Nor would I forget our temperance work, which is bearing much fruit.

"Visits to the ships are continued daily. There the scriptures are circulated, and tracts distributed. Libraries and tracts, bags, &c., are put on board vessels going on long voyages, which are much appreciated. Truly our work here is great, and we need the help and prayers of Christians in every Christian land."

## Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

"My smallest congregation," said Chaplain THOMPSON, Oct. 10th, '85,— "for the quarter ending September 30th, was 40; the largest, 135. The average is the largest we have ever had. Not many sailors have been in the HOME, these last months, and but little was possible to be done there.—The Bethel Fund is daily increasing by the addition of small sums from the ships, cheerfully given.

"The MAGAZINES and tracts you send us by post, monthly, are exceedingly well adapted for our use, and most acceptable. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is the best thing, and is most eagerly sought for of anything we have.—The interest shown by all classes in the effort to secure a Bethel is most encouraging. Much

good is daily being accomplished among apprentice lads, especially, on all our English ships. Many of these are nice boys from good English homes, and show a decided leaning toward the Gospel. Those who were here last year are not slow to find their way to the Bethel services on their return, and they bring others with them. It is very pleasant to meet these familiar faces on their return to us. And they seem quite as glad to see us,—and say it is almost like getting home.

"The Lord is favoring our work with His blessing. Men are being guided in the right way, and many are trying and succeeding in leading a truly religious life. The hindrances are not more here than elsewhere, and just serve to stimulate our zeal and efforts, and to keep us on the alert. We really get all the results we deserve, and have great reason for courage and thankfulness."

## Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The last letter received from Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, is dated 11th November, 1885. He said:—

"Since I last wrote you, the U. S. S. *Ossipee* has arrived here, and we are having regular Sunday services on board and get quite large congregations. The captain and officers are extremely kind, and afford us every opportunity to work on board.

*Characteristic.*

"Two Sundays since, during our visit to the *Ossipee*, Mr. and Mrs. MONROE, of Southport, Conn., (U. S. A.) called at the mission, but not finding us in, called later in the day, and seemed very much pleased with all they saw. They invited me to breakfast with them at their hotel the following Tuesday, and after some conversation about the work, handed me \$35 to purchase a baby-organ for Mrs. AUSTEN's use in our services on ship-board. They also gave us a very cordial invitation to visit them at their home in Southport, should we be visiting the United States at any time.

*Free Breakfasts, Etc.*

"We have been enabled to arrange to give a Free Breakfast to men in poor

circumstances (mostly sailors) at the mission every Sunday morning during the winter months. After the breakfast we hold a short Gospel service for them. The cholera has been prevalent in Japan for two or three months past, the percentage of deaths being very high,—but we trust that the worst is over.”

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## Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

November 6th, '85, Mr. W. G. SMART, sailor-missionary, wrote:—

“A German squadron of four vessels

has been in port. The men obtained leave on five days and frequented the *Rest* in large numbers. Three officers, one the First Lieutenant of the *Ariadne*, came to thank us for taking care of their men. They were very polite and apologized for not being in uniform. You will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in getting a local committee of three gentlemen, one being Consul HUTCHINSON, to work with me.—A British flying squadron of four vessels is now here and I am just going on board the Commodore's ship.”

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## At Ports in the United States.

### Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.

The forty-sixth Annual Report of the Bethel Society, auxiliary to our own organization, is dated Nov. 4th, 1885. The receipts for the previous year were \$407; the expenditures \$335.50; viz. for disabled seamen, \$6.75; for widows of seamen, \$50; local work among seamen, \$25; seamen's mission at Yokohama, Japan, \$50; libraries, \$80; Seamen's Friend's societies, \$60; incidentals, \$13.75.

Mr. LUNT carried on as heretofore his personal work among sailors. He placed 2 packages of reading on 75 different vessels, comprising the usual variety of coal steamers, sailing vessels and tug-boats, precisely the same number as were visited the previous year.

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### Alabama.

MOBILE.

A recent number of the *Mobile Register* contains the report of a meeting for seamen held at the Bethel Church, Sabbath-evening, 22nd, 1885. Rev. Mr. THOMPSON, pastor of the Franklin St. Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. BURGETT of the Government St. Church, and Rev. Dr. FLINN participated in it, Dr. Burgett making a forcible address, and an earnest plea for Christian labor in behalf of the seamen

of the port. The port missionary, Mr. J. D. MOONEY, submitted his report of four months' work, which we reproduce, for substance.

“I assumed charge of the work, February 1st of this year. The church building was, at that time, in a very uncomfortable condition, the windows being badly smashed, and the northwind rushing through the audience-room to the great discomfort of those attending our services, so that, our first work was as indicated above, the repairing of the windows and in making the room as comfortable as our limited means would allow.

“The reading-room has been partitioned off by a wooden screen; chairs and other things, essential to the reading-room, have been purchased. We have accumulated a library of about one hundred and fifty volumes; kind friends have furnished us with an abundant supply of papers, periodicals, and other reading matter. We have had framed notices, advertising the Bethel, sent to seaport towns both in this country and in Europe, and they have also been placed in the sailor boarding-houses and ship chandlers' stores of this city.

“Religious services have been kept up regularly since the first of February. Attendance at first service (a very cold and disagreeable day) was 13, which gradually increased to 40. Attendance at reading-room per week 70, or about 300 per month. I have visited the vessels and sailor boarding-houses, systematically distributed reading matter, and invited the men to our ser-

vices and reading-room; have furnished writing material to about 100 men; have given Bibles and Testaments to such seamen as I deemed worthy, have supplied vessels leaving the port with reading matter for the voyage. I have also visited the Marine Hospital and given the sick such attention as their several cases seemed to demand."

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Louisiana:

NEW ORLEANS.

At the Lower Bethel, on the 6th De-

cember, '85, a reporter of the *Time Democrat* found about 250 sailors, women and children. Many of the latter were of the poorer class, who sadly need the help of Christians to elevate them to a nobler life. This is being attempted, he said, by the labors of Rev. Mr. PEASE and his co-laborers. Addresses were delivered by the chaplain and Mr. WATSON JONES, of Detroit, Mich., and by Mr. PARKER of the Y. M. C. A.

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### TO THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LIFE DIRECTORS AND LIFE MEMBERS.

*If you desire to receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for 1886,—please notify us to that effect, with your post office address, early in the present year.*

*It will be apparent, upon very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep its record of those entitled to receive its publications measurably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail-books. We therefore long since adopted and acted upon the regulation implied in the request, in common with other kindred organizations.*

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*In this connection we call the attention of friends who for years past may have made special contributions to our Treasury, at this season, to the abiding nature of our great work for sailors,—and ask them to make their gifts as large as practicable.*

*Could we constitute fifty new Life Directors of the Society, at \$100 each, and a hundred new Life Members, at \$30, each,—from these donations,—the impetus of such help to the seamen of the world would be felt on every ocean, and in every seaport, to the ends of the earth.*

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*So, if we can send abroad to seamen, fifty new loan libraries, at \$20 each, in this month of January, 1886, from sums transmitted to us at this new year's opening, a power for good will have been brought to them, that is immeasurable. Will you, who read this, send one? It may be a thank-offering for the past, and may go in the name of some one who is dear to you, now in the world, or in the Home on high.*

## Two Marvels.

I marvel at myself, dear Lord,  
 I marvel more at Thee;—  
 Two wonders in a strange accord,  
 And both in mystery.

I marvel at myself, for that  
 I ever won thy grace;  
 That welcomed at thy feet I sat  
 And saw thy smiling face.

At Thee, O loving Lord, still more  
 I marvel thou shouldst clasp  
 A heart unfaithful, o'er and o'er,  
 In thine undying grasp.

I marvel at myself, to count  
 Denials of thy name;  
 And from the long and dark account  
 I turn my eyes in shame.

To wonder more, O Christ, to see  
 Thy dear hand sweep across  
 The guilt-stained page, and turn for me  
 To tears my cancelled loss.

"I marvel at myself, dear Lord,  
 I marvel more at Thee;  
 A sinner,—by thy blood outpoured,—  
 Saved,—to Eternity!"

William C. Richards.

## Welcome Words.

It is a satisfaction to the MAGAZINE that its general conduct has drawn out the following, printed in a late issue of the *N. Y. Independent*. The compliment within its last sentence is perhaps the best tribute we could ask at the hands of others.

"Any one who will read, from month to month, the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, will be impressed alike with the good work which is being done among seamen by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and with the necessity for Christian effort to benefit this much-neglected class. The Magazine has now been published for nearly sixty years; and if it were more widely circulated among Christians, the offerings for the sailor would be more numerous and liberal."

## Captain R. B. Forbes.

The *Boston Traveller*, in an interesting sketch of the veteran Captain R. B. FORBES, of Massachusetts, now in his eighty-second year, who "has introduced more improvements into our mercantile marine than any man alive," announces

that at his birth he weighed less than five pounds, being in this respect like Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who was born so small that he could not be dressed.

## Books, Etc.

THE LOG-BOOK OF A VOYAGE TO THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY. A Christian Allegory of The Sea. By Geo. B. Cheever, D. D. New York. A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1885. pp. 411.

This is the old and valued *A Reel in a Bottle for Jack in the Doldrums*, reprinted and largely circulated after the year 1850, in Great Britain, under the above name. Three editions have been printed in the United States, and now it is re-issued, in new dress, with some additional chapters, "in the hope that it may continue to be useful to here and there a pilgrim whether by land or sea, from this world to that which is to come." The book has eminent fitness for seamen, and it is with gratitude that we chronicle the fact that its new stereotype plates have, by the generosity of its author, been donated to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, December, 1885, pp. 32. Boston, Russell Publishing Co.; London, T. Nelson & Sons.

Annually, at least, we have much pleasure in commending this Magazine for the adaptedness, purity and beauty of its letter-press and illustrations, to the small children, everywhere, to whom it is made up. It is *instar omnium*, of its class, and has never been more so than in the year just closed. \$1.50 per annum.

## Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

NOVEMBER, 1885.

Total arrivals.....	86
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,274
of which \$585 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$250 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$594	
was returned to boarders.	

## Planets for January, 1886.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 44m., and south of east  $27^{\circ} 21'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 3rd at 1h. 57m., being  $2^{\circ} 34'$  south; is at its greatest elongation at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 8th, being  $23^{\circ} 26'$  west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 11th, when it is most favorably situated for observation.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 22m., and south of west  $17^{\circ} 16'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 9th at 1h. 17m., being  $38'$  south, and at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude  $7^{\circ}$  and  $80^{\circ}$  north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 13th; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 28th.

MARS on the morning of the 1st is due south at 4h. 48m., being at this time  $5^{\circ} 49'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 23rd at 8h. 55m., being  $2^{\circ} 56'$  north; is stationary among the stars in Virgo at 8 o'clock on the evening of the 25th.

JUPITER on the morning of the 1st is due south at 5h. 38m., being at this time  $57'$  south of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Virgo at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th; is in conjunction with the Moon at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th, being  $17'$  south, and at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude  $52^{\circ}$  north and  $20^{\circ}$  south.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 11h. 32m., being at this time  $22^{\circ} 32'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with Geminorum at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, both having the same declination; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 18th at 8h. 11m., being  $4^{\circ} 8'$  north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

## Receipts for November, 1885.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford, Pres. ch.....	\$ 2 50
Concord, Estate of Geo. B. Wardwell.....	3 50
North Hampton, Cong. church.....	16 95

### VERMONT.

East Clarendon, Cong. church.....	5 00
West Newburg, Mrs. A. B. Lyon, for lib'y.....	20 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church.....	10 00
Amesbury & Salisbury, Union Evang. church.....	7 42
Andover, E. C. Mills.....	25 00
Ashby, Cong. church.....	3 95
Boxboro, Cong. church.....	4 00
Boxford, Cong. church.....	13 25
Fitchburg, C. C. church.....	69 52
Harvard, Cong. church.....	17 50
Haverhill, Cong. church S. S., for a lib'y.....	20 00

Holliston, additional.....	1
Leominster, Orthodox Cong. church alden, estate of Capt. Jacob. P. Holm, for 50 loan lib's to be called "The Holm Libraries," per E. S. Converse, Executor.....	1,000
Marblehead, Cong. church, to const. Benjamin Savory, a life member.....	30
Newburyport, The Newburyport Bethel Soc'y, of wh \$40 for two loan lib's in their name, and \$60 to const. Miss. Mary I. Sweetser and Rev. F. W. Sanborn, L. M.'s.....	100
Seamen's Bethel Soc'y for lib's.....	40
Whitfield church.....	6
Norwood, A Friend.....	0
Phillipston, Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for a lib'y.....	25
Plympton, Cong. church.....	5
Provincetown, Cong. church.....	19
Sutton, Cong. church.....	19
Taunton, Winslow Soc'y and ch.....	20
Tewksbury, 1st Cong. ch.....	13
Uxbridge, Evan'g Cong. church.....	18
Waltham, Cong. church.....	12

### CONNECTICUT.

Danbury, 1st Cong. S. S., for lib'y....	20
Darien, Cong. church.....	9
Greenwich, Oliver Mead.....	10
Thos. A. Mead.....	5
Middlebury, Cong. church.....	5
North Greenwich, Cong. church.....	15
Trumbull, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	16

### NEW YORK.

New York City, Samuel P. Avery....	50
H. Gray.....	50
W. Rockefeller.....	50
Robert Carter & Bros., books for library purposes, valued at.....	50
W. B. Dinsmore.....	25
Harding, Colby & Co.....	25
J. Everts Tracy.....	25
Miss C. A. Hedges.....	20
R. M. Olyphant.....	20
John E. Parsons.....	20
W. H. Webb.....	20
Joseph H. Choate.....	15
W. N. Blakeman M. D.....	10
Geo. H. Brown.....	10
John F. Denny.....	10
W. F. Lee.....	10
A. H. Mann.....	10
John C. Tucker.....	10
S. H. Wales.....	10
H. S. Ely.....	5
W. C. Martin.....	5
Chas. A. Peabody.....	5
Capt. Willey of the ship <i>Alfred D. Snow</i> , for lib'y work.....	5
W. Abbott.....	1
Poughkeepsie, 1st Reformed ch., of wh. Henry L. Young \$50.....	74

### NEW JERSEY.

Bordentown, L. Beeuwkes.....	2
Newark, J. M. Sayre, for a loan lib'y in the name of Mortimer Freeman Sayre.....	20

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, T. D. Quincy.....	5
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### OHIO.

Painesville, M. E. T.....	5
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### MICHIGAN.

Marshall, Charles T. Gorham.....	10
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\$2,223



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

## Eph's New Year's Boots.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The ship *Emerald*, under topsails, is lurching and rolling over and through great mountains of storm-tossed wintry water. Mr. Kendall, the sturdy little second mate, makes his way for'ard by clinging to the weather rail. He casts a glance at the lantern lights to make sure that they are burning clear, and then in a cheery voice, calls the look-out.

"Only five minutes longer, Ned," he calls, encouragingly; for cold as it is on deck, he knows that facing the bitter blast on the exposed fore-castle is a hundred times worse.

Ned Rand returns the customary, "Ay, sir," and vaguely wonders if he ever will be warm again. Not only is he benched and chilled through and through, but the cold, which is growing more intense, has stiffened his soaked oil-skins until they seem like a suit of tin armor. Like a dream the remembrance of a year ago that very night comes to him, how, sitting around the glowing fire in the cozy home sitting-room, he and the family, watched the old year go and the new in.

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, faintly from aft.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," he grimly mutters Ned between his chattering teeth, as he strikes the knell of the old year on the big bell for'ard.

"Hillo-o-o-o in there! Eight bells, you sleepers! D'ye hear the news?"

As the sleepy, grumbling watch come on deck, the wheel and look-out are relieved.

"Go below, the port watch, but stand ready for a call," says Mr. Marline, the chief mate.

Ned is crawling stiffly down from the look-out, when very unexpectedly the long-legged overgrown boy who, without speaking, had relieved him, bawls in his ear, "Wish you a happy new year, Ned!"

Unexpectedly, I say, for the reason that the two boys, who were room-mates, have not spoken together before for a whole week. Ned hesitates a moment. Suddenly to mind come the familiar lines,—

"The year is going, let him go;

Ring out the false—ring in the true."

"Same to you, old fellow," he exclaims, as well as his chattering jaws will let him, and then creeping cautiously along the slippery, heaving deck, Ned

enters the "boys' room" in the after-end of the house. Throwing off his oil-skins and drenched pea-jacket with a shiver, he is about to turn into his bunk, when he sees lying on his gray berth blanket a pair of half-worn rubber boots. Scrawled on a bit of paper tied to one of the loops are these words:—

"A new yer's Presunt to ned i was keeping Them for you All the time from your aff shipmate, E. Jackson."

As Ned reads this friendly message, his face begins to burn,—perhaps from the heat of the coals of fire thus heaped upon his head; for the trouble between himself and his room-mate had begun about these very same rubber boots. Ned's had been accidentally washed overboard by a big sea a few days previous, he having laid them on the main hatch to dry; and vainly had he tried to buy this pair of Eph, who wore thick "cow-hides" in ordinary weather, keeping the rubber ones for extraordinary.

"You're a mean, contemptible skin-flint, Eph Jackson," Ned had angrily exclaimed.

"Mebbe I be," returned Eph, as a dull red tinged his homely face; "but, all the same, you can't buy them boots; I've got another use for 'em."

High words followed. Ned called Eph "a hay-seed-haired countryman." Eph, in return, taunted Ned with hanging back when a royal had to be stowed or the fling jib furlled: "a sogerin' skulk" was the uncomplimentary epithet which he applied to his room-mate, if I remember aright. Since which time, as I have said, no word had passed between the two until Eph had broken the ice with his New Year's greeting.

"He's not such a bad lot, after all," said Ned, aloud. "The boots are a couple of sizes too large," he added, as he pulled them on over a pair of dry socks; "but they'll keep out the wet and cold, anyway."

But there was a sort of unconscious patronage in his way of accepting the

welcome present, after all; for Ned Rand's father, who owned two-thirds the *Emerald*, was a wealthy ship-builder of East Boston, while Eph Jackson was an uncultured young fellow from the country. Ned was making this his first sea-voyage "just for the fun of it;"—Eph because he had an old mother up among the Berkshire hills, for whom every cent of his wages was meant.

"Some day I cal'late to be a officer an' git my forty or fifty dollars a month," said Eph, sturdily, to himself.

Ned had obtained his parents' consent that he should make a trial voyage with Captain Elton. "But don't favor him, Captain," privately suggested Mr. Rand.

"Favor him!" echoed the plain-spoken Captain; "I *guess* not. There is no favor shown aboard ships. Your boy will be treated the same as that long-legged young chap from the country who shipped yesterday,—no better and no worse. Which assurance Ned has found to his extreme disgust is carried out to the very letter.

But the voice of the storm with it grows louder and fiercer.

"I thought so!" growls Ned, as ten hours later he hears the command to "tack out and shorten sail."

Ugh-h-h! It is ten degrees colder at least than when he went below. Mast and spar, brace and rigging, alike are cased in thin ice.

The upper top sails have been lowered on the caps, where they are thrashing only stiff, half-frozen sails can thrash.

"Jump up there lively, and roll up the maintopsail first," bellows Mr. Marlborough, and in a moment wiry little Mr. Kendrick is in the main-rigging. Closely following him is Ned Rand, but not from any desire to show unusual activity. He has learned that in furling a sail the extremity of the yard is the easiest place, and here he has nothing particular to do except to hold on by the "lift" with one hand, and pass the yard-arm gasket to the man who stands next inside.

The sail is "picked up," and secured after a fashion, for it is as unmanageable as an oak plank. The gaskets are passed, and the men descend the slippery rigging. They delay as long as possible, for the fore and mizzen topsails have yet to be tumbled.

"You, Ned, are you going to stay on that yard all night?" thunders Mr. Marne from below, at which gentle hint Ned bestirs himself.

Crawling cautiously along the slippery, swaying foot-rope, one moment high in the air, and the next with the boiling seething sea beneath his feet, Ned is nearly half way in, when, as the ship rolls heavily to leeward, his mittened hands slip on the icy iron jack-stay, and with a wild cry, which is heard even above the storm, he is launched into space.

"Man overboard!" yells Mr. Kendall, who is very excitable.

Eph Jackson, who has been sent to the fore, hears it, and stopping, "yanks" the rope from under the helmsman's feet, sending it spinning over the rail.

Captain Elton was never known to be excited in his whole life.

"Put the wheel down, Jerry, and let your head come up in the wind." Raising his voice a little, he then orders the after-wards braced aback, and the fore stay-sail reef raised.

While one watch is obeying this order, others of the crew clear away the port charter boat. But when there is a call to man it, one and all hesitate, for verily it is venturing into the very jaws of death. Eph Jackson suddenly leaves the lee wheel, and follows the plucky little second mate, who is shipping the rudder.

"If that young chap is goin'," mutters Bob Stacy, "blowed if I'll hang back;" and in another moment the boat is manœuvred, and afloat in darkness and storm.

Meanwhile, what of Ned Rand? This: his head disappeared under the icy waves he felt as though a terrible grasp had seized his ankles and was dragging him deeper and deeper despite his effort to rise.

"It's my heavy boots," was the thought which flashed like lightning through his brain; and thanks to their size, he slipped them off one at a time, coming to the surface just as it seemed to him that his lungs were about to burst through holding his breath so long. Dashing the water from his eyes, he struck out manfully, yet with a sense of utter hopelessness, when his hand struck the grating, to which he clung convulsively. He saw rockets and blue-lights thrown up from the ship's deck, and shouted himself hoarse, for the *Emerald* was not a cable's-length distant.

But as he felt an awful numbing chill steal over him, against which he vainly struggled, he was dragged in over the bow of the *Emerald's* boat by the nervous arms of the bow oar,—Mr. Ephraim Jackson.

"Darned if he ain't lost them boots a'ready!" exclaimed Eph, as the insensible boy was laid face down in the bottom of the boat.

Well, through God's mercy and Mr. Kendall's skill, they reached the ship in safety, but Eph,—or indeed any of the boat's crew,—will never forget the terrible pull, or how near they were being crushed by the ship's side in taking the boat inboard.

Ned was rubbed, filled to the throat with hot coffee, and stowed away in his bunk, so that by morning he was all right again, but, to his great joy, was excused from further duty, the ship being now off old Boston Light.

"You saved my life, Eph," says Ned, gratefully, as in high glee the two boys begin to pack their chests in readiness for going ashore, "and how shall I ever repay you?"

There was no mock modesty about Eph Jackson. "It ain't wuth mentionin'," looking up from his work, "but seein' as you make so much of it, if you're a mind to buy me a pair o' new rubber boots, we'll call it square."

Which Ned afterward does, and, better still, invites Eph home to stay until the

ship is again ready for sea; for Captain Elton has offered to take him as able seaman on the next voyage. A year later, and Mr. Jackson is second mate of the *Emerald*.

"Them rubber boots," he remarks aloud, as he incloses a money order for fifty dollars to his proud mother—"them rubber boots was a lucky New Year's present for me."

"And for me too, Eph," smilingly returns Ned Rand, who stands close by.—*Harper's Young People*.

### German Christmas Hymns.

The first was written by John Tanler, born 1790 A. D., and was translated by Miss C. Winkworth.

#### I.

"A ship comes sailing onward,  
With a precious freight on board;  
It bears the only Son of God,  
It bears the Eternal Word.

"A precious freight it brings us,  
Glides gently on, yet fast;  
Its sails are filled with Holy Love,  
The Spirit is its mast.

"And now it casteth anchor,  
The ship hath touched the land;  
God's Word hath taken flesh, the Son  
Among us men doth stand.

"At Bethlehem, in the manger,  
He lies, a babe of days.  
For us he gives himself to death;  
Oh give him thanks and praise.

"Whoe'er would hope in gladness  
To kiss this Holy Child,  
Must suffer many a pain and woe—  
Patient like him, and mild;

"Must die with him to evil,  
And rise to righteousness,  
That so with Christ he too may share  
Eternal life and bliss."

The second is by Martin Luther, and was written in 1535, when Luther was fifty-two years old, and was prepared for his own family Christmas festival. Luther was then living in what had formerly been the monastery in Wittenberg. On

this occasion he invited to his house Melancthon, and Walther, a music friend. The scene has been preserved. "The Christmas tree occupies a conspicuous place. They spend the evening with holy cheerfulness. With hearts full of joy they read the narrative of the Savior's birth, and unite in songs of praise to his name. A spirited conversation ensues, in which all take a part. The mother, with much delight, says she thinks their room is a paradise. Little Paul says he expects to find much brighter and prettier trees in heaven. Martin wishes the angel hovering over the tree would announce to them the good tidings, but thoughtful John considers this quite unnecessary, now we have the Holy Bible in our hands, and all can read the blessed message for themselves." Little Hans then repeats the hymn which his father had written for the festival. This is the translation:—

#### II.

"From heav'n above to earth I come,  
To bear good news to ev'ry home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Whereof I now will say and sing.

"To you this night is born a Child,  
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
This little Child of lowly birth  
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

"'Tis Christ our God, who, far on high,  
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;  
Himself will your salvation be,  
Himself from sin will make you free.

"Ah, Lord, who hast created all!  
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small  
That Thou must choose thy infant bed  
Where ass and ox but lately fed?

"Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain  
The truth to us, poor fools and vain,  
That this world's honor, wealth and might  
Are nought and worthless in thy sight.

"Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man his Son has given!  
While angels sing with pious mirth,  
A glad new year to all the earth."

The last is by Michael Hayden, and de-

not suffer by comparison with the others.

### III.

"Silent night, sacred night,  
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light  
Floats around the holy pair;  
Songs of angels fill the air,—  
Strains of heavenly peace,  
Strains of heavenly peace.

"Silent night, sacred night,  
Shepherds first see the light,  
Hear the Hallelujahs ring,  
Which the angel chorus sing:  
Christ the Savior is come,  
Christ the Savior is come.

"Silent night, sacred night,  
Son of God, Oh what light  
Radiates from thy manger-bed,  
Over realms with darkness spread,—  
Thou in Bethlehem born,  
Thou in Bethlehem born."

### Royal Children of England.

When Osborne house was ready to go into, the Queen and her family had a house-warming. It was a gay and merry and happy time. There is a beautiful hymn of Martin Luther's which the Germans often sing at house-warming. And Prince Albert being a German, and keeping a tender liking for the pleasant house-customs, repeated it at *his* house-warming. Here it is:—

God bless our going out, nor less  
Our coming in, and make them sure;  
God bless our daily bread, and bless  
Whate'er we do,—whate'er endure;  
In death unto his peace awake us,  
And heirs of his salvation make us.

Well, the little princes and princesses had very good times at Osborne. On their mother's birthday they had a fine present. You could never guess what it was, so I must tell you. It was a lovely Swiss cottage, a grown up cottage,—not play cottage, with grounds all about it. And these grounds were given to them too. Here each one had a garden, where they raised vegetables and flowers. They had hot-houses and forcing-frames, so they could have flowers and vegetables as early as other gardeners. Each had a set of garden tools, marked with his or her name, from Victoria to Beatrice.

Did they work in these gardens? Yes, every day. The two eldest boys built a fort. It was small, but it was perfect in every part, just like a real fort. They even made the bricks! Every Saturday night they carried in their bills for work, and their father paid them.

In the pretty Swiss cottage was a kitchen, where the princesses cooked and made pickles and jellies. There was a pantry and dairy and closets and every thing complete as possible. Should you not like to have seen them at work in their big aprons, floured up to their elbows? I suppose they had heavy bread and streaky cake and half-cooked things, just as we do at first. But they are very good housekeepers now, and they learned a good deal of their housekeeping, no doubt, in the little Swiss cottage at Osborne.

Of course, they made collections of things, just like all boys and girls. They had a museum of natural history with stuffed birds and bits of rocks and specimens of flowers. They had a big telescope, too, for star-gazing. It was a happy, happy time.—*Little Men and Women.*

*For The Life Boat.*

### Saved by a Minute's Thought.

"Mama, what do you think? Poor Miss Smith can't do anything with Freddie. He was late to Sunday School, and worse than all he was with that Ned Carroll. When the contribution-box was passed he put a button into his envelope and passed it in. Ned told Fred to keep his money, and then buy candy with it."

"They are going to put it together," said Carrie Davis, Fred's sister.

*Ned.*—"Now come, good fellow, spend it."

*Fred.*—"I can't, it won't be right, and I'll put it all in next Sunday."

*Ned.*—"Oh! what a goose! I'll tell on you, if you do."

*Fred.*—"But see, Ned, it is really wrong."

"I don't care," said Ned, looking at the man making his favorite candy.

"If I had enough money I would buy some,—but, Ned, I have just begun to think we've been doing wrong."

"That's so,"—said Ned coloring. "I say, Fred, let's put it all in next Sunday." So the boys left the shop, and went home with a happier heart than ever.

NELLIE.

*From Bethel Flag, Portland, Me., October, 1885.*

### Comfort Bags.

"The thirty comfort bags, with Bibles, received from the *Rainbow Band* in Castine, Me., have nearly all been placed in the hands of sailors, who have received them with many expressions of gratitude. We have heard of several answers already received by virtue of letters that went with the Bibles. It has done these men good to find that they are thus kindly remembered.

"We have just received another box of comfort bags for sailors. This time from the *Pansy Band* of Ellsworth. There are 20. And a new question in natural history is raised,—do *Rainbows* produce *Pansies*?"

### A Little Boy's Logic.

A little boy was induced to sign the *Band of Hope* pledge. His father was a collector, and one day a publican called upon him for the purpose of paying his rates. In the course of conversation it turned out that the little boy was a teetotaler.

"What!" said the publican, with a sneer, "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I am one."

"And you mean to say you have signed the pledge?"

"Yes, sir, I have; and mean to keep it too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. "The idea! why you are too young to sign the pledge."

The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm, and repeated his words:—"You say I am too young to be a teetotaler?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well now, sir, please listen," said he. "I will ask you a question:—You are a publican, are you not, and sell beer? Well, then, suppose I come to your house for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I am so young?"

"O no," said Boniface, "that is quite a different thing."

"Very well, then," said the noble little fellow, with triumph in his face, "I am not too young to bring the beer, am I not too young to give up the beer?"

The publican was defeated; he didn't want to argue with that boy again.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

### The Best Beauty.

I know a little fellow

Whose face is fair to see;  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me;  
For he's rude and cross and selfish  
If he cannot have his way;  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow

Whose face is plain to see;  
But that we never think of  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him,  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features

That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty  
If its owner's kind and true;  
And that's the kind-of beauty,  
My girl an boy, or you.

*Golden Days*

### "The Briny."

One of the first things a boy will do on arriving at the seashore is to taste the water, to see for himself if a whole ocean can be salt. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water, and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. If all the seas could be dried up, there would be 1,000,000,000 cubic miles of common salt. Where a fresh-water river empties into the sea, the surrounding water is of course more free from salt; and where there is little outlet and continual evaporation, as in the Dead Sea and Salt Lake, Utah, there is correspondingly more sediment to a thousand parts. In the Dead Sea the water is so dense that a man's body will easily float. Salt is composed of little cubes, like crystal, which appear white when a number are laid on top of each other and the sunlight is kept from passing through. There are many other substances in sea water, as silver, arsenic enough to poison the whole world, chlorine, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, and so on.

### Thoughtlessness in Youth.

In general, I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can anyway be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of the future fortune hangs on our decisions? A youth thoughtless! When all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! When the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a

foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now,—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—*John Ruskin.*

### Look Up!

A little boy went on a sea-voyage with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him:—

"Come, my boy! you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast."

The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was he began to be frightened and called out:—

"O father! I shall fall—I am sure I shall fall! I am sure I shall fall! What am I to do?"

"Look up! look up, my boy!" said his father. "If you look down you will be giddy; but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast you will descend safely."

The boy followed his father's advice and reached the bottom with ease.

Learn to look more to Jesus, and less to yourselves.

### Profane Language.

It is related by Dr. Scudder that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

### Little Foxes and Little Hunters.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Solomon's Song, ii, 15.

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named "By-and-by."

Then set upon him quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter, "Right-away."

Around each tender vine I plant  
I find the little fox, "I-can't."

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,  
Chase him with bold and brave, "I-can!"

"No-use-in-trying" lags and whines  
Among my young and tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high  
With this good hunter named "I'll try!"

Among the vines in my small plot  
Creeps in the young fox, "I-forgot."

Then hunt him out and to his den  
With "I-will-not-forget-again!"

The saucy fox that's hidden there  
Among my vines is "I-don't-care!"

Then let "I'm-sorry," hunter true,  
Chase him afar from vines and you.

What mischief-making foxes! yet  
Among our vines they often get.

But now their hunters' names you know,  
Just drive them out, and keep them so!

### Jesus Shining In.

A visitor went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said:—"not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is every thing; I love the sun."

"O," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at

every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly,— "Jesus. He shines in here and makes every thing bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and a home happy.—*American Messenger.*

### For Her Father.

A little girl had been taught to pray for her father. He died suddenly. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side one evening the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed, "O mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God, I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

### American Seamen's Friend Society

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*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled, and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES SHIPPED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1885.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1885, was 8,249; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,859; the total shipments aggregating 17,108. The number of volumes in these libraries was 441,434, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 315,987 men. Nine hundred and fifty-one libraries, with 34,236 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,450 men.—One hundred and twelve libraries were placed in one hundred and twelve Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,032 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and ninety-six Keepers and surfmen.

## SEPTEMBER, 1885.

During September, 1885, seventeen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,296, 8,298-8,306, inclusive, New York;—and Nos. 8,408, 8,416-8,421, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
96.	Rutsen Suckley, Rhinebeck, N. Y.....	Ship R. D. Rice.....	San Francisco.....	30
98..	" " " " .....	" Eureka.....	" " .....	28
99..	Griswold <i>In Memoriam</i> library, Au- burn, N. Y.....	Bark Monrovia.....	Liberia.....	10 and 40 passengers.
100..	<i>In Memoriam</i> Dr. T. C. Moffat, Staple- ton, S. I .....	Ship Sea Witch.....	Shanghai.....	21
101..	Griswold <i>In Memoriam</i> library, Au- burn, N. Y.....	" John McDonald....	San Francisco.....	24
102..	Griswold <i>In Memoriam</i> library, Au- burn, N. Y.....	Bark S. R. Bearse.....	Dunedin, N. Z.....	12
103..	Griswold <i>In Memoriam</i> library, Au- burn, N. Y.....	" J. H. Berners.....	Java.....	12
104..	Youths' Miss'y Society, Central Pres. church, New York City.....	Ship Frederick Billings..	Yokohama & Hiogo	35
105..	Griswold <i>In Memoriam</i> library, Au- burn, N. Y.....	Bark Amanda. ....	Valparaiso, S. A..	20
106..	A. H. Martin, South Lee, Mass.....	" Viola H. Hopkins.	Batavia....	12

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Mens Crew</i>
8408..1st Cong. ch., Pittsfield, Mass.....		Boston, Mass. Lighthouse.....		
8416..2nd Cong. ch., South Weymouth, Mass.		Ship Andrew Jackson..	New Orleans..	
8417..3rd Cong. ch., Chelsea, Mass.....		Bark S. R. Lyman.....	Cuba.....	
8418..Dorotha M. Downs, Francestown, N. H.		Schr. S. E. Ward.....	Baltimore ..	
8419..Cong. ch., Rockland, Mass.....		Bark Mermaid.....	Whaling.....	
8420..S. S. Cong. ch., Webster, Mass.....		Three mast schr. Ida C. Bullard.....	Buenos Ayres, S.A.	
8421..1st Cong. ch., Pittsfield, Mass.....		Schr. Alice Mingemany.	New Orleans.....	

Assignments were made during the month, from libraries previously sent out, follows:—

8286..Rutsen Suck'ey, Rhinebeck, N. Y.....		Bark Taria Tapan.....	Zanzibar.....	
8289.. “ “ “ “ .....		Ship Eureka.....	San Francisco.....	
8291.. “ “ “ “ .....		“ Alfred Watts.....	Liverpool.....	
8293..S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Peekskill, N. Y .....		Bark E. T. Crowell ....	Shanghai.....	
8294..Miss'y Soc'y, Ch. of Strangers, New York City.....		Ship Imperial.....	San Francisco.....	
8295..Ladies' Sewing Soc'y, Attleboro, Mass.		“ P. W. Blanchard..	Yokohama.....	
8297..Miss M. M. Nisbet, Greenock, Scotland.		“ Charles Dennis....	Melbourne.....	

## OCTOBER, 1885.

During October, 1885, eighteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Room at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,307–8,318, inclusive, at New York—and Nos. 8,422–8,426, with No. 8,428, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Mens Crew</i>
8307..J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....		Bark Olive Thurlow.....	Talcahuano, S. A..	
8308.. “ “ “ “ .....		Ship H. S. Sanford.....	Sydney, N. S. W..	
8309.. “ “ “ “ .....		“ Invincible.....	Hong Kong.....	
8310.. “ “ “ “ .....		“ St. Stephen.....	San Francisco.....	
8311.. “ “ “ “ .....		“ Loanda.....	Sydney, N. S. W..	
8312..“Mission Workers,” Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....		“ Sunrise.....	Java.....	
8313..O. G. Jennings, Fairfield, Conn.....		Bark Grace Deering....	Valparaiso, S. A..	
8314..Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Mass.....		Ship Hoogley.....	Singapore, E. I....	
8315..Rev. C. E. Phelps, New Brunswick, N. J.		Bark Antwerp.....	Rotterdam.....	
8316..Boys' Life Boat Society, 1st Pres. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.....		“ Cardenas.....	Sierra Leone..... and 9 passengers.	
8317..Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Mass.....		Ship Tam O'Shanter....	Hiogo.....	
8318..S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Danbury, Conn.....		Bark C. Southard Hulbert.....	Portland, Ore.....	
8422..Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Andover, Mass.		“ Addie Morrill.....	South America.....	
8423..Mrs. R. D. Woods, Enfield, Mass.....		“ Abbey Carver.....	Australia.....	
8424..Miss T. Lilian Howe, Enfield, Mass.....		Ship Hotspur.....	Melbourne.....	

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No. of library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
25.	Cong. S. S., Newton Center, Mass.....	Schr. Fortuna.....	Galveston.....	9
26.	Capt. Joshua Hale, Newburyport, Mass.	Brig C. A. Sparks.....	Africa.....	9
28.	Piedmont ch., Worcester, Mass.....	Bark Navesink.....	Cuba.....	12

NOVEMBER, 1885.

During November, 1885, nineteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,319-8,329, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 8,427, 8,429-8,434, and 8,436, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
19..	The Holm Lib'y, from estate of Capt. J. P. Holm, Malden, Mass.....	U. S. S. Brooklyn....	N. Atl'ic Squadron 300	
20..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " "	
21..	" " " " " "	Ship Thomas Dana.....	Java.....	20
22..	" " " " " "	" Nancy Pendleton...	Shanghae.....	25
23..	" " " " " "	" William H. Smith..	San Francisco.....	25
24..	" " " " " "	Bark Onaway.....	Valparaiso, S. A.. Calcutta.....	14 24
25..	" " " " " "	Ship City of Philadelphia		14
26..	" " " " " "	" Triumphant.....	Japan.....	27
27..	" " " " " "	Bark Northern Empire..	Shanghae.....	18
28..	" " " " " "	Ship St. David....	Hong Kong.....	25
29..	Mortimer Freeman Sayre, Newburg, N. Y.....	" Alfred D. Snow....	San Francisco.....	28
27..	Cong. ch., Phillipston, Mass .....	Bark Meganticook.....	La Platte River ..	12
29..	Mrs. A. B. Lyon, West Newbury, Vt... 30.....	" E. L. Marbury .... " Mohegan.....	Australia..... Valparaiso, S. A. .	14 17
31..	Sea. Bethel Soc'y, Newburyport, Mass.	Schr. E. W. Wright....	Buenos Ayres, S.A.	8
32..	S. S. Center ch. Haverhill, Mass.....	Ship Pansy.....	Calcutta.....	18
33..	The Holm Lib'y, from estate of Capt. J. P. Holm, Malden, Mass.....	Bark Carrie Heckle....	Van Dieman's Land	12
34..	" " " " " "	U. S. Receiving-ship Wabash, Boston, Mass...		100
36..	" " " " " "	Bark Mary Ames.....	Melbourne.....	14

During November, 1885, twenty-four loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-  
ipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,699;	No. 5,151;	No. 7,268;	No. 7,488;	No. 7,677;	No. 7,879;	No. 8,037;	No. 8,144;
" 4,601;	" 6,249;	" 7,834;	" 7,499;	" 7,698;	" 7,923;	" 8,057;	" 8,163;
" 4,843;	" 6,634;	" 7,395;	" 7,552;	" 7,738;	" 7,929;	" 8,100;	" 8,171.

### SUMMARY.

<i>new Libraries Issued in Sept., 1885—17</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in Sept., 1885—28</i>
<i>“ “ Oct., “ —18</i>	<i>“ “ Oct., “ —32</i>
<i>“ “ Nov., “ —19</i>	<i>“ “ Nov., “ —24</i>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<i>54</i>	<i>84</i>

ERRATUM.—The address of Rev. C. J. JONES, in whose name Loan Library No. 8,257 was sent in June, 1885, (*vide* last Quarterly Report,) should have read *New Brighton, S. I.*

# THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

## LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

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For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to the investments. The Society sends fiftycopies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, (eight pages, four times each year,) for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE-BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

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The ends aimed at for twenty-seven years past, in making up these libraries, may be named in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) the religious instruction and impression.

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### THEIR RESULTS.

*These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individuals, sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of the results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.*

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### HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a name to the library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, gratuitously, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

## Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	Honolulu " " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....		
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H.G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	

## Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	Isaac Maguire.
26 State Street.....	Am. Ev. Luth. Im. Miss. So.	Mr. Lilja, Miss'y.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	Rev. E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard..	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St....	" " " "	E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets...	Baptist Bethel Society.....	H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	J. P. Pierce.
Bethel, 175 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts...	Episcopal.....	J. J. Sleeper.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	
	Methodist.....	
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		H. A. Cleveland.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	E. N. Harris.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	Chas. McElfresh.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. }	R. R. Murphy.
	Friend Societies. }	J. B. Erritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society..	Daniel Kellogg.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	Richard Webb.
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	" " " "	H. S. Yenger.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...	" " " "	Mr. L. D. Mooney.
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Independent.....	Rev. L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Tex., 22nd St. & Broadway	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	E. O. McIntire.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	J. Rowell.
	Chaplain Sailors' Home.....	E. A. Ludwick.

# SAILORS' MAGAZINE CALENDAR.

## 1886

### JANUARY

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### FEBRUARY

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### MAY

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### AMERICAN

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1828,  
INCORPORATED APRIL, 1833.

#### President :

REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq.

#### Secretary :

REV. SAMUEL H. HALL, D. D.

#### Treasurer :

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq.,

#### Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer :

LUTHER P. HUBBARD, Esq.

#### District Secretary at Boston, Mass. :

REV. S. W. HANKS.

In the year 1885, the Society sustained Bethels,  
Sailors' Homes, etc. Chaplains, Mission-  
aries, Colporteurs, Bible Readers  
(41) in thirty-one foreign and  
domestic seaports.

Since the year 1858-9, it has sent out 8,400 Loan  
Libraries, (440,000 volumes) accessible, by  
original shipment, to more than  
315,600 seamen. \$20 sends a  
Library to sea in the name  
of the Donor.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (58th volume) is pub-  
lished monthly, at \$1.00 per annum.

This Society has always aimed to give the  
Gospel of Christ to the seamen of the  
world's naval and mercantile  
marine, and in every way  
to befriend the sailor.

Contributions may be sent to the TREASURER,  
and the Form of a Bequest, for testamen-  
tary aid of its work, will be sent to  
any applicant for  
the same.

## 1886

### JULY

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### SEPTEMBER

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### OCTOBER

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### NOVEMBER

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### DECEMBER

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